MAY 25 1938

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XV. No. 377 (New Series) SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1938 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 817
THE ENGINEERS AND THE GOVERNMENT . . . 820
DALADIER'S FIRST MONTH. By Alexander Werth . 821
A CZECH DIARY 822
GERMANY AND SCANDINAVIA 823
THIS ENGLAND 825
COUNTRY WALK. By Y. Y. 825
JUMPING RATES. By R. H. S. Crossman . . . 826
CORRESPONDENCE 827
From J. W. Robertson Scott; F. L. Lucas; J. Harvey Robson; Peter Griffiths; Daphne Nicol; The Writer of the Article.
A GREAT UNPOPULAR PLAY. By Desmond MacCarthy 829
STRAUSS AND WAGNER AT COVENT GARDEN. By W. J. Turner 830
VIENNA TO-DAY 831
THE MOVIES. By Peter Galway . . . Page 832
PLAYS AND PICTURES 833
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 835
REVIEWS:
Suicide. By Raymond Mortimer 836
After Imperialism—What? By Sir Norman Angell 838
More Hopkins Letters. By G. W. Stonier . 840
The Baylis Myth. By W. J. Turner . . . 842
New Novels. By Brian Howard 844
Morals and Politics. By E. F. Carritt . . 846
How to be Human. By V. S. Pritchett . . 848
The Means Test. By G. D. H. Cole . . . 848
SHORTER NOTICES 850
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 850
CROSSWORD 853
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Dives . . . 854

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

HISTORY can show few more shameful, or more ominous, spectacles than the present meeting of the League of Nations Council. Here are the statesmen of the League Powers putting a last handful of nails into the coffin of collective security. Their proceedings are watched with contemptuous amusement by the aggressors outside and with despair by the victims who have come once more to Geneva to protest and appeal, Chinese, Spaniards, Abyssinians—while the Austrians who might have joined this unhappy chorus are safe in the Nazi concentration camps. Mr. Wellington Koo and Señor del Vayo have already made their speeches to deaf ears. The Abyssinian Emperor has still to be heard, as we write. The determination of Haile Selassie to appear in person, with Professor Brierley and other experts to advise him, has greatly embarrassed the Council. But nobody supposes that either he or Spain will persuade the League Powers to undo what has been done. It was a grim irony to hear Lord Halifax extolling the Anglo-Italian Agreement as a contribution to security—an agreement which, whatever advantages it may have, sets the seal on Mussolini's attack upon Abyssinia and eases his way to the triumph he has not yet won in Spain!

The Collapse of the League

Is the League dead then? For all practical—and honest—purposes, it is. Belief in it has been abandoned not only by the avowed professors of *Machtpolitik*, but even by the chicken-hearted champions of peace and democracy, such as our own National Government. It is they, indeed, who are mainly responsible for the League's collapse; and to those who want a clear account of this treachery we commend a little book which has just been published—*Why the League has Failed*, by "Vigilantes" (Gollancz, 1*s.* paper, 1*s.* 6*d.* cloth). But the fundamental principle of the League remains not merely as an inspiration, but as something to be striven for and achieved if we are to escape the horrors of another great war. Mr. Keynes argued vigorously in these columns a few weeks ago for "a *positive* pacifism," which means, as he said, a new European pact of the peace-loving States who will give—and keep—definite pledges of mutual protection and resistance to aggression. Such a plan, embracing France, Britain, Russia and half-a-dozen other States as the nucleus of a revived or a new League, has many advocates—and among the latest of them is Mr. Winston Churchill, who was urging it in a speech a few days ago. It is not impracticable—even at this late hour—unless "impracticable" means not what cannot be done, but only what Mr. Chamberlain and his friends do not want to do. Their own policy is lunatic. Compounded as it

is of shuffling, retreat and betrayal, it has already brought us dishonour and it is leading us steadily to disaster.

Duce and Führer

Herr Hitler has returned to Germany after what must have been even for him an exhausting week in Italy. Exactly what the Führer has got in his pocket, or what he has left in the Duce's, remains a secret. No one, of course, expected that any agreements the two dictators might come to for further aggression or aggrandisement would be shouted from the housetops. We can only guess, on a basis of probabilities, as to the mutual pledges exchanged regarding Czechoslovakia, German and Italian interests in south-eastern Europe, the Mediterranean, and further afield. Each is of necessity pursuing an opportunist course at the moment, though there is no sign that either has abandoned his larger ambitions or his ideological mania. One unpleasant reminder which Hitler had of a problem which faces him was the ostentatiously cold behaviour of the Vatican during his visit, and the open rebuke by the Pope. The only definite statement of policy that he made indicated—on the face of it—that Germany had no designs on Italy's Tirolese province. " It is my irrevocable will and my bequest to the German people," he said, " that the frontier of the Alps shall be regarded for ever as unchangeable." Whether this is good news to the German Tirolese who have chafed under Italian sovereignty, we do not know: perhaps they would prefer Fascist whips to Nazi scorpions.

The War in Spain

A fresh crop of rumours about an armistice in Spain has been dispelled by categorical statements from both sides. General Franco's demand for " unconditional surrender " was couched in such terms as to make it clear to the Republicans that they must fight to the death—even if they had ever had any other intentions. Meanwhile there is little progress to report on the eastern fronts, where the weather is bad. The rebel threat to Valencia is still only a threat, and the latest news is that larger supplies to the beleagured population of Madrid are going through from Valencia. On the other hand, the Government's hopes of getting arms from the United States are dashed by the attitude of the Administration to Senator Nye's resolution. It was rumoured in Paris that the British Government had been stiffening the opposition in Washington; we are glad to note Mr. Chamberlain's denial of this. There must, in common decency, be some limits in the rules of the " Non-Intervention " game.

Troubles in Belgium

Currency devaluation by M. Daladier has had unwelcome repercussions on France's northern neighbour. Speculators, diverted temporarily from attacks on the franc, turned with gusto to the belga; and on Tuesday Bank rate had to be raised in Brussels from 2 to 4 per cent. in an effort to restrict losses of gold. Apart from the consideration that Belgian trade stands to be hit by competition from French goods sold at the depreciated exchange rate, speculators were able to exploit the fact that world trade recession is causing a deficit to reappear in the Belgian budget, and that the Government's proposals for bridging the gap have met with resistance in the Chamber. M. Janson, the Premier, told the Deputies on Tuesday night that the deficit would be about £8 millions; the crisis tax and increased customs and excise duties accepted by the Chamber's Finance Commission would produce about £5 millions; but the Commission had rejected the proposal for more steeply graded income tax, administrative economies were difficult to secure, and—to find the extra £3 millions—he could only suggest an inquiry on the lines of the British 1931 May Committee. In these troubled financial waters the Rexists have been busily fishing. M. Degrelle denounces the Government for its " misery levies," and political uneasiness in Belgium has been lately increased by signs of Nazi activity in Eupen, where three truculently pro-German mayors have recently been removed from office. The Government was saved for the moment by the vote of confidence which it secured from the Chamber on Wednesday by 101 votes to 67. But, despite the gold reserve of £140 millions, the belga remains politically unstable.

Revolt in Brazil

Like King Carol of Roumania, Dr. Vargas, the Brazilian dictator, has temporarily out-matched Fascist rebels against personal autocracy. Though more serious than the abortive rising in the Rio Grande district last March, Wednesday's attempted coup in Rio de Janeiro appears to have been crushed without great difficulty. The army, on whose support Dr. Vargas has relied ever since he seized power in 1930, evidently still backs the dictator. The Greenshirts, who now claim a million active adherents and are said to have received large consignments of German and Italian arms, are foiled once more; but the President's success is no victory for anti-Fascist or liberal ideals. Dr. Vargas appears not to be a Fascist in the European sense, and the corporative lines which he nominally gave to the structure of the Brazilian State when he finally tore up the constitution last November were clearly designed to take the wind out of the Greenshirts' sails. But he stands for a regime of stark reaction and denies openly the need for any social progress in a notoriously backward country. A successful Greenshirt revolution would doubtless bring Brazil within the sphere of influence of the "Axis"—a development disturbing to the Monroe Doctrine conceptions of Washington—but the perpetuation of the present dictatorship does not mean a Brazil democratic or willing to pay its foreign debts.

The U.A.B. Cuts its Rates

Last winter, in face of rising prices, the Unemployment Assistance Board staved off a demand for a general increase in allowances by instructing its local officers to consider " hard cases " and make discretionary increases in the amounts allowed. These increases were numerous enough to quell the incipient agitation, and it was generally assumed that they would be permanent. But now the U.A.B. has withdrawn them all at a blow, softened by the announcement that it proposes to apply for a change in the regulations which will allow it in future to differentiate between summer and winter rates of allowance. Doubtless, one factor which has affected the U.A.B.'s decision is that, as matters stand, there is quite often in large families no prospect of earnings in employment exceeding allowances calculated on a basis of minimum needs. The U.A.B. feels that this discourages men from

seeking employment, and accordingly desires to keep its rates as low as it can. But rates which can be regarded as barely adequate in summer become inadequate in winter, even apart from changing prices. Hence the wish to differentiate, so as to keep down to the minimum the number of cases in which allowances have to equal, or even exceed, probable earnings. The real remedy, as we have argued again and again, is to raise wages in unprotected occupations; but this is not a matter for the U.A.B. The question now is whether the reductions will cause enough trouble to frighten the U.A.B. into revising its policy.

By-elections and Transport House

The Labour Party won back Lichfield without a great many votes to spare. The victory is of importance, because the constituency includes a large number of new voters in the suburbs of Birmingham, and the result may have a bearing on the situation in other constituencies round the Birmingham inner ring. Stafford, now vacated by Mr. Ormsby-Gore's transformation into Lord Harlech, is quite a possible Labour seat, whereas in Western Derbyshire there has been no contest since 1929, when the Labour candidate was at the bottom, with only 3,660 votes against 16,760 for Lord Hartington and 13,277 for the Liberal. There, as in Mid-Bucks, a Labour candidate obviously stands no chance of success, and fighting the seat can be only a matter of "propaganda." Transport House, however, despite some local Labour pressure to withdraw in Mid-Bucks, remains quite unmoved by the demands for any sort of "Popular Front" based on local electoral arrangements with the Liberals; and this week, on a resolution proposing collaboration with both Liberals and Communists, the Labour Women's Conference voted as Transport House wished by a very large majority. The expected headquarters statement amplifying the directions to party members against collaboration with members of other parties has not, however, been issued. The official draft, together with a counter-draft by the minority, has been referred to a special sub-committee, on which Professor Laski represents the dissentients and Mr. Morrison will perhaps have to play the role of conciliator.

The Derbyshire Disaster

There has been another disastrous colliery explosion—this time at the Markham pit belonging to the great Staveley Coal and Iron Co. As we write, the cause of the disaster is still unknown; but about eighty men have lost their lives, and many are in hospital suffering from serious injuries. The first thought, naturally, is of sympathy with the victims and their relatives; but the second is a question—whether disasters of this magnitude are to be regarded as unavoidable "acts of God" or as the results of deficient care or unwillingness to incur the costs of making the industry less unsafe. We are making no charge of any sort against the Staveley Company, which may, for all we know, have been exemplary in its care for the lives and limbs of its employees. But there have been of late years too many of these disasters—each a major human tragedy for the community upon which it falls. There has been for some time a Commission sitting to consider the question of safety in coal mines. When is it going to report? And is the Government prepared, even if the cost is considerable, to enforce effectively on all colliery owners whatever is deemed necessary in order to ensure safer working? The British colliery accident rate is high—too high; and many miners lay the blame on excessive speeding-up. The coal industry has passed through a difficult time; but no economic pressure can excuse the avoidable sacrifice of human lives.

The Nurse's Charter

The London County Council has this week given a notable lead towards the improvement of conditions for nurses. At present the nursing profession suffers most of all from excessive hours of labour, which are unavoidable when only two shifts of nurses are employed. The new L.C.C. Charter will give the nurses in public institutions the benefit of a 96-hour fortnight, and will therefore involve the employment of three shifts of nurses. The reform is bound to be costly; but it is abundantly necessary if standards of service are to be reasonably maintained and if satisfactory recruitment for the profession is to be ensured. The voluntary hospitals will, no doubt, complain that they, having no rates to fall back upon, cannot afford to follow the L.C.C.'s lead. But, if that is the case, it constitutes a strong argument against the continuance of the voluntary system. It is notable that, when the question came before the L.C.C., the opposition did not oppose, so that the decision can be regarded as that of the Council as a whole, even though the initiative came from the Labour Party. The "Nurses' Charter" sponsored by the nursing organisations and the Trades Union Congress has made considerable headway during recent months; and the L.C.C.'s adherence should give it a powerful impetus over the country as a whole.

Suicide and Assurance

Whatever room there may be for differences of moral judgment, suicide is in law a crime; and the law rightly debars a person from enjoying the fruits of a criminal act. But should this rule hold good if the fruits are to be enjoyed by another person, after the criminal's death? The law says "Yes"; and the House of Lords this week has decided that the principle still applies if the crime consists only of deliberate self-destruction in order to increase the value of a bequeathed estate. In plain words, an assured person who kills himself when sane invalidates his life assurance policies. The consequences of this appear to be twofold. First, if a man desires to end his life, but to secure for his dependants the benefits of his policies, he must demonstrate convincingly to the coroner that he was mad when his death took place. Otherwise his heirs will forfeit even the amount of actual premiums paid—an obvious injustice which the assurance companies might well try to meet. Secondly, doubt is cast on the validity of life policies as security for advances by third parties. In his judgment Lord Atkin expressed the view that an assignee for value given might establish a claim against an assurance company in respect of a policy which contained "an express promise to pay on a sane suicide." But this is not a usual clause, and the observation was in any case an *obiter dictum*, not a judgment necessarily governing future decisions in other Courts.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.
POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

THE ENGINEERS AND THE GOVERNMENT

THE Amalgamated Engineering Union has come in for a good deal of blame—and of praise—during the past few weeks on account of its attitude to speeding up rearmament. It has been praised—and roundly cursed—for endeavouring to impose political conditions before agreeing to help in what is essentially an industrial task; and its policy has been contrasted with that of other Unions which, it is alleged, are perfectly ready to fall in with any proposals necessary in order to improve the quality of the national preparations for war. But in point of fact the A.E.U. has not refused to co-operate; it is still considering its attitude. It has not demanded "political" conditions, though some of its spokesmen, including its General Secretary, have said that it is "not prepared to provide arms in order to bolster up dictatorships in any part of the world." It has not even declared its belief that no special measures are needed in the existing emergency; it has only pointed out that it has nearly 8,000 unemployed members on its books and that, until adequate use has been made of this considerable reserve of labour, it would seem premature to begin talking about the necessity of wholesale dilution, on the model of what was done between 1914 and 1918.

What is clearly true is that the engineers are in no hurry. Why, they ask, should they be, at a time when unemployment among their numbers is in fact increasing at a considerable rate? They have 1,200 more members out of work now than they had at the beginning of February, and the increase is not attributable to any seasonal cause. Quite the reverse; for under normal conditions employment should be improving at this time of year. If it is falling rapidly, even among skilled engineers, there is a strong *prima facie* case against believing that rearmament is being held up by any real shortage of skilled labour. That there are local shortages is not denied; but it is doubtful if there are any that cannot be met by a simple transference of labour, without any further abrogation of Trade Union rules or customs, or at all events without any that cannot be arranged for by detailed local discussion—a very different matter from all this pother about a national appeal from the Government to the Trade Unions to make extensive sacrifices "in the national interest."

The plain fact is that a good many of the engineers believe that the outcry about labour shortage and the need for dilution is a got-up affair. There are plenty of employers, now as always, who would like to see a holocaust made of Trade Union rules and regulations which prevent them from employing any man, or woman, in any job they choose. The dislike of employers for Trade Union demarcation restrictions and Trade Union insistence on reserving certain types of work for men whom the Union recognise as skilled is no new thing. It has occasioned one storm after another in the engineering industry ever since the great lock-out of 1852. Doubtless, it would be easier for some employers to speed up immediate production if they could push the skilled men's Unions to one side, and make their workshop arrangements just as they pleased, with freedom to use just as much juvenile and female labour as they chose, irrespective of Trade Union custom or Trade Union membership. Doubtless, it is natural that many employers should see in the present demand for more and more munitions of war an excellent opportunity of reinforcing their case for a free hand from Trade Union interference by an appeal to the patriotic motive. But the engineers can hardly be expected to see matters in quite the same light; for, even if these 8,000 unemployed members are ignored, they have good cause to remember what happened to them on the last occasion when they allowed their cherished rules and customs to be pushed aside on the plea of national emergency.

In 1914, nearly two-thirds of the workers employed in the engineering industry were classed as skilled, the rest being divided about equally between labourers and semi-skilled workers. To-day the proportion of skilled workers is well under one-third of the whole, and semi-skilled machine-minders are at least 60 per cent. In 1914, women were hardly employed at all in engineering, and only to a small extent in the subsidiary metal trades. To-day, there are 90,000 women in engineering properly so called, and well over a quarter of a million in other branches of metal-working. Apprenticeship has declined, and the proportion of unapprenticed juvenile labour has increased. The demand for skilled workers has been reduced absolutely; and the steady advance in the use of less skilled labour has undermined Trade Union strength and made wages and established customs exceedingly difficult to maintain.

Of course, these changes cannot be attributed entirely to the introduction of the "dilution of labour" between 1914 and 1918. But it will not be denied that this has been a very important factor. During the last war pledges were given, by both the Government and the employers, that the changes made should be purely temporary, and that the suspended Trade Union rules and customs should be fully restored with the return of peace. But, even if all charges of bad faith are ignored, it is undeniable that this restoration did not in fact take place. It did not, because in the very nature of things it could not. The war so revolutionised workshop practices that it was utterly out of the question to put back the discarded methods of manufacture. Even when old regulations were put back for a time, they largely vanished in the post-war depression—many of them immediately after the engineers had been routed in the national lock-out of 1922. The new technique of using labour had been learned, and each employer—except a few specialists in very highly skilled types of work—had to apply it, or go to the wall.

With this experience in mind, the engineers are naturally both fearful of the possible consequences of a renewed "dilution" of labour and sceptical about promises that whatever sacrifices they make will need to last only until the emergency has been met. They are the more fearful because the present demand is not for a vast supply of shells, cartridge-cases, and other munitions which necessarily require a mass-production technique, but for aeroplanes, tanks, guns, engines and warships—things which are produced with the aid of a higher proportion of skilled labour than most other engineering commodities. The present demand for dilution affects just those branches of engineering in which the skilled men have, so far, most successfully maintained their position. It threatens to extend the new technique, with its extensive utilisation of semi-skilled labour, to processes which are the last strong-

holds of the craft Unions and the training-ground (greatly narrowed in recent years) for the higher types of engineering skill.

Accordingly, quite apart from distrust of the Government's intentions in using the arms it demands—a distrust which is natural enough and made the greater by recent developments, such as the betrayal of Spain in the agreement with Mussolini—the engineers have much to fear and nothing to hope for from acquiescence in the Government's proposals. Moreover, these proposals have been made in a most unfortunate and unjustifiable manner. The Government has not told the Trade Unions what sacrifices it is urging them to make, or even offered them any *quid pro quo*. It has simply demanded that the Trade Unions should meet the employers, and that the two sides shall then agree upon whatever measures are requisite in order to speed up the output of munitions of war.

Possibly to Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Thomas Inskip this form of request appears eminently reasonable; for it comes quite natural to them to think of the employers as their agents and advisers in matters of industrial policy. But the effect of putting the demand in this form is that the employers, when the Trade Unions go to meet them, will be in a position to advance whatever claims they please not merely on their own behalf, but as virtually spokesmen for the Government and with the State's authority behind them; and the Trade Unions, if they attempt to argue or to question the employers' claims, will be denounced as unpatriotic, as if they were resisting the national will and not simply an *ex parte* demand proceeding from those who look to making a profit out of their members' labour. The Trade Unions will be forced into a false position, and will have either to give way or to be pilloried as scoundrels who are denying the British people protection against air attack. If there is any real case for any measure of dilution, it is the Government's business itself to put forward to the Trade Unions a reasoned case, and not to leave it to the employers to demand, under pretext of national emergency, exactly what they please.

DALADIER'S FIRST MONTH

M. DALADIER, "the strong man," has now been in office for over a month, armed with the special powers granted him almost unanimously by both houses of Parliament. The formation of his Government marked the end of the Front Populaire. That was not his fault, and one has even the impression that *le fusilleur* of 1934 felt a little embarrassed when the Right-wing press attributed to him, at least at first, the virtues of Doumergue, and urged him to break finally with the Socialists and Communists if his Government was to do any good at all. In spite of these injunctions he is anxious not to have the working class openly against him, or to be identified with political reaction. He would prefer to be the Great Conciliator, with a "real" national Government under him looming in the distance, rather than the "saviour," after the manner of Poincaré or, worse still, Doumergue. He called his Government from the start "the Government of National Defence"; he is aware—more than Chautemps was—of the enormous gravity of the international situation; he is frankly worried by the progress of events in Spain, and is not ready to throw Czechoslovakia to the dogs. But the strong man prefers to be a subtle man, and he is anxious to avoid unpleasant clashes with anybody. This applies as much to foreign policy as it does to the financial, economic and labour problems with which M. Daladier has had to deal. He has his own ideas and desires on all these questions, but his performance does not usually correspond to those ideas and desires. His critics have taxed him with hesitation and weakness; his admirers say that he is steering a clever middle course. Others applaud his capacity for making the best of a bad job, and for dressing up failures as successes. The most striking example of this was the last devaluation of the franc.

One of the causes of Daladier's apparent weakness is that his Government is not a team easy to manage, and that its ministers are only too often at sixes and sevens. The squabbles within the Cabinet over the decrees—also over the franc—were particularly bad, with Paul Reynaud advocating a bold general policy; with Marchandeau and the Right-wingers anxious not to lose the patronage of the banks and big business; and with Campinchi and a few other Left-wingers anxious not to annoy the working class unduly. Caught between these cross-currents Daladier has had a difficult time.

It is true that he was lucky at first with the stay-in strikes in the Paris engineering industry—those strikes which had poisoned, and had helped to finish, the short life of the second Blum Government. I am still convinced that the employers were not alone to blame; but there is no doubt—and Vincent Auriol has shown this conclusively in the *Populaire*—that they suddenly became much easier to deal with when Blum had gone and the Daladier Government had been formed. The termination of these strikes was the first big feather in Daladier's cap, and a spell of optimism and "confidence" set in. The Bourse simply boomed, Daladier was praised to the skies in the *Temps* (which, in 1934, refused even to print his name, and referred to him as *le député de Vaucluse*), and people said "how nice to be back to normal again." But the boom did not last. There were differences in the Cabinet on financial policy and on other matters, and the decrees were slow in coming. It was widely said that Paul Reynaud was in favour of stabilising the franc at 175 to the £; and one day the franc suddenly jumped from 159 to 167. There was a protest from the British Government, and, at great cost to the French exchange equalisation fund, the franc was forced up to 160. A few days later it dropped again. In the last days of April the uneasiness over the franc became really serious; partly because the decrees were still being delayed (and what was known of the Government's deliberations suggested that they would not be spectacular), and partly because, during the Anglo-French talks in London, M. Bonnet's proposal to discuss the tripartite agreement and the future of the franc had been rather cold-shouldered by the British Ministers.

At last, on May 3rd, the first batch of decrees was published; and they did not create a good impression. They were a timid, unimaginative performance. They rather suggested that the Government, having been unable to agree on a large constructive programme (which would have created that *choc psychologique* of which so much had been heard), was content with a patchwork of expedients and half-measures, which would help it to muddle along for just a little longer. The all-round increase of taxation by 8 per cent., after the manner of Poincaré's *double décime* (a measure enforced in 1924, that is, in much less difficult and delicate circumstances, when nobody was paying much to the *fisc*, anyhow), showed a sad lack of imagination. Without greatly increasing the revenue (for in yielding only some 3 milliard francs, it covered barely one-tenth of the Treasury's deficit for the year), it was unfair to the consumer and to the honest man who paid his income-tax, while the tax dodger was no more inconvenienced than before. The rest of the decrees—tax rebates to enterprising manufacturers, and to builders of new houses, and various credit facilities, and the "tourist card," that is, decrees calculated to stimulate business and increase production—did not go very far. "Wait," the Government said, "there are more to come." But nobody waited; the first sample was not impressive; "confidence" was shaken; and the franc went crashing down to 170. The Government had failed to

produce a general plan, in which "equal sacrifices" would be asked from all. The Left were as disappointed as the Right. The profits of big capital, of the monopolies, and of the speculators and tax dodgers were not being tapped; while Daladier's slogan of "higher production" had not been followed up by any real change in the application of the 40-hour week. As the Government clearly could not do one without doing the other, it had preferred to do neither.

A little extra taxation was all it had achieved; the future of France could not rest on so slender a pillar; the two great pillars of "production" and "confidence" (that is, the capacity to borrow) still had to be built. The franc threatened to slip down to 200 or 250 to the £. It was then that, at an emergency meeting of the Cabinet on May 4th, it was decided to stop the rot by devaluing the franc once again. The British Government grumbled, Mr. Morgenthau objected; but, in the end, they agreed not to regard it as a violation of the tripartite agreement. It is said that Mr. Morgenthau agreed only after President Roosevelt had expressed the view that it would be impossible, for political reasons, to refuse.

In its own way, this third devaluation was a clever move. By choosing so low a "maximum" level as 179 to the £ the Government deliberately under-valued the franc in international terms, and so gave itself a considerable amount of elbow-room; by "decreeing" that the franc could "henceforth" only rise, but not fall, it discovered a clever device for bringing much of the refugee capital back to France. "Confidence"—or rather the incentive to cash the fat profits—had been restored at one blow. Speculators hurriedly repurchased many milliards of francs; the Exchange Account gained; and the dangerous shipping strike at Le Havre was luckily settled before the flow of capital had had time to be reversed—though the great nervousness that was beginning to be felt on Saturday on account of the shipping strike rather pointed to the flimsy basis on which the "unprecedented" confidence was built.

The great question now is how the Daladier Government will propose to "increase production," without which the new confidence in the franc will soon begin to crumble. The press of the Right is singing in chorus: "Scrap the 40-hour week." That is all very well; but how is it to be done? There can be no question of "scrapping" it by making people work 45 hours for the same money; it might have been possible if very heavy sacrifices had been asked from big capital. Coming on top of the milliards of untaxed currency profits, it is more impossible than ever. Jouhaux, the leader of the Confédération Générale du Travail, is not opposed to "adjustments":

> "Let us not argue in absolute terms," he said on Sunday, "but let us act in accordance with the difficulties of the moment. We shall defend the 40-hour week; but it must be realised that we may have to agree to certain adaptations which are, in fact, provided by the law."

The new devaluation, at so low a level, gives the Daladier Government much elbow room; and it will probably be possible for it to "adjust" the 40-hour week on the basis of overtime. Can it tackle the problem with tact and skill, and without listening too carefully to counsels of "energy and authority" coming from the Right? On the careful handling of this problem the future of the Daladier Government, of confidence and of the franc largely depends.

In foreign affairs, as in home affairs, the Government has suffered from a certain lack of determination. Especially is this so about Spain. The virtual alliance with England is, no doubt, an achievement, though the British Government does not like the French to boast about it too much. "Staff talks? Nothing new in that. Merely a continuation of the 1936 arrangement." And Lord Halifax hastened to assure Italy and Germany that they had nothing to worry about. (A pity Ciano did not give similar assurances to France and England after the talks with Hitler!)

When he went to London Daladier was determined to impress upon the British Government the gravity of the Czech and Spanish problems. He spoke firmly and eloquently. The British Ministers promised to do their best about Czechoslovakia; and they really seem to have realised that Czechoslovakia did matter. Only what exactly they are going to do is still uncertain; they still seem to be toying with ideas like federalism and cantonism. But if they promised to help with Czechoslovakia, and took a stand which—at least one hopes so—seems to have impressed Germany, they would simply not listen to what Daladier had to say about Spain, and about the menace to France's security from the German and Italian activities there. Worse still, they persuaded him (no doubt in the name of the Anglo-French entente) to agree to a proper resurrection of the disastrous non-intervention committee, complete with a restoration of the international control on the Pyrenees—in the pious hope that the volunteers might be withdrawn. As if Mussolini had not declared twenty times that they would not be withdrawn before the end of the war. For once Britain was really doubting Mussolini's word!

Paris, May 10th. ALEXANDER WERTH

A CZECH DIARY

PRAGUE May 10th, 1938

IF the Czechs were English their newspapers would daily assert that the whole world stood amazed at their admirable discipline and quiet courage in face of constant provocation and imminent danger. They show no emotion; it is only in intimate conversation that one discovers how deeply anxious and also how firmly resolved they are. They do not bother about air-raid shelters; few think it worth while to buy gas masks. They still hope to avoid war, but they would fight as a united people if invaded. They have one of the best armies in Europe. They have strong allies. Russia they commonly regard not as Communist, but as Slav, the natural protector of the smaller Slav nations threatened by the aggression of the Teuton. Crowds cheer a new Soviet film showing the response of Russia's air force to an unprovoked attack from a neighbouring Power. Russian help depends on France and M. Daladier has again renewed the French pledge of support. They are not sure about Mr. Chamberlain; I have even heard Czechs say that they can manage well enough without British support and rather fear the interference than rely on the help of Britain. Is Britain trying to break the Franco-Soviet pact and undermine French determination? Only if this happens, they think, is Hitler likely to risk an open attack. The second question is more important—is Mr. Chamberlain inducing their Government to make too many concessions—concessions that will disrupt the nation internally and so deliver it up to Hitler? It was in Prague that I heard the French *mot* that the true name of the British Premier is not Chamberlain, but *J'aime Berlin.*

* * *

At the week-end I visited an overwhelmingly German area in northern Bohemia. The Henlein Party, now openly Nazi, is allowed to do as it likes. I called at its headquarters in one town and was greeted with "Heil Hitler" salutes, military uniforms and propaganda precisely according to Goebbels pattern. All the population, they explained, is on their side; it is provocative for Czechs to shout "Long live the Republic," though they themselves shout "One people, one Reich, one Führer!" Yes, there had been a small incident when Czech soldiers pushed Germans off the path. Only the Henlein deputy could control the crowds. This tiny "incident" appeared magnified in the Berlin press within a few hours of its occurrence. I followed the story up. A Czech officer told me a rather different story. Every evening crowds of Nazi youth—I saw them parading in their Henlein uniform—gather in the market place and push the soldiers off the paths, because they know that the Czechs have the strictest orders to avoid "incidents" of any kind. How far was it true, I asked in the Social Democratic club, that the population was with Henlein?

Largely true, of course. The coming local elections will be treated by Henlein as a plebiscite and will show a huge majority for the Nazis. Indeed, the situation is strictly analogous to the Saar plebiscite. Workmen who remain Social Democrats are dismissed; a Henlein ticket often means a job. A woman with a little shop is boycotted until she joins the Party; her husband is warned that it will be the worse for him soon if he does not follow suit. This is happening every day. It takes great courage to remain a German Social Democrat in Bohemia now. Nevertheless, many do remain. Herr Jaksch, their leader, spoke to vast crowds on May Day.

* * *

Obviously Czech authority is rapidly breaking down in these districts. And the Czechs know what may happen, once the civil authorities give the Nazis their head. Austria is next door. They are already almost surrounded by Germans or by countries under German influence. The policy of Poland, where the population is naturally friendly to the Czechs, is still controlled by Colonel Beck, Hitler's henchman. Now Poland is bullying the Czechs into suppressing people and organisations which Hitler calls Communist. The Hungarian papers are as violent as the German in their attacks on the Republic. It will need a tough Government to resist the pressure from so many sides. Already they have to be more cautious than they like in receiving and helping refugees and their papers say nothing derogatory of Hitler. Czechs know better than English people what is happening in Austria, where the Jewish terror must surely be amongst the cruellest in history. According to a Nazi statement, all the hundreds and thousands of Jews have to be out of Austria within four years. One of the few good things one has to record is that the British authorities are now behaving excellently in this matter; Sir Samuel Hoare appears to understand the value of the British tradition as a home for refugees from tyranny. But very few Jews are allowed to cross the Austrian frontier; they are deprived of work and then forcibly kept in Austria to starve. An enquiring friend of mine took the trouble to ask in Vienna what was the real object of this unreasonable attitude. He learnt that the Nazis regard suicide as the natural solution for a Jew. Daily suicides are, in fact, reported. Much of the finest culture and knowledge in Europe is being buried in the Jewish cemetery outside Vienna.

* * *

The Czechs know that the real problem has nothing to do with the grievances of the Sudeten Germans. Prague, which has only a tiny minority of Germans, long appeared in Nazi propaganda as a German town to be included in the Third Reich; the Sudeten Germans are the Trojan horse inside their fort, not a poor oppressed minority for whose sufferings the heart of Hitler daily bleeds. The Czechs point out, truly, that Europe is full of "minorities" and that we only hear of them when Hitler finds it politically expedient. There is a Slav minority in Germany which no one remembers, and the Nazi memory is conveniently short about the fate of the German Tirol, groaning under the heel of Hitler's friend, the Duce. Nor has the treatment of the minority anything to do with the case; the perfect equality of the Germans in Schleswig does not save Denmark from constant Nazi agitation, nor does Poland's notoriously bad treatment of minorities seem at present to rouse the Führer's wrath. Clearly no concessions to the Sudeten Germans will stop Hitler if he thinks it safe to take another step in the *Drang nach Osten*. But, it is obviously wise to remove as far as possible the excuse for his intervention, more especially as the British public is never likely to be stirred to support Czechoslovakia as long as the issue can be represented as the right to repress a German minority.

* * *

What then can the Czechs do about their Germans? Economic remedies are now being tried—but terribly late. What could you expect, a Socialist worker asked, when men have been for years without work and unemployment pay may be only 1*s.* 6*d.* a week (for a single man)? True, the Czech unemployed do no better, but that does not comfort the Germans. It is true that the boycott from Nazi Germany has increased the unemployment among the Sudeten Germans, but that does not stop Henlein cashing in on the cry of "Bread and Work." The Czechs would have done well at an earlier stage to spend rather less on guns and more on providing public works and unemployment relief. They can concede a number of other points—equality in the civil service and full cultural autonomy (though how Nazi education can be allowed in a democratic State is not clear to me). So far the Czechs say, they can go: but they will fight rather than change their democratic institutions at German dictation. Nor, they say, will they change their foreign policy to please Hitler. Dr. Benes, the President, always optimistic and a great contriver of compromises, is trusted by everyone. If he has the support of Britain and France, some think, that he may stabilise the situation with these concessions to please the foreign powers: Hitler will see that it is dangerous to ask for more and forget the Sudeten Germans, as he has apparently forgotten other German minorities. The great danger they fear is that the Agrarian Party, now the most powerful in the Government, contains hesitant or pro-Fascist elements, which may prefer concessions that disrupt the State rather than run the risk of standing firm and resisting Hitler when the proper limit of concession is made.

* * *

At this point the Englishman who sees now nothing but a constant friction and gradual disruption of the Czech State asks why not try to get rid of the Sudeten Germans altogether? If the frontier were redrawn, Hitler would be deprived of his excuse and the allied guarantee would be far more certain. A fairly simple frontier revision would put all but about half a million of the Sudeten Germans into Germany and only involve about the same number of Czechs being brought under German rule. A few judicious exchanges after that should result in substantial justice. But Lord Noel-Buxton and others who advance this solution omit essential facts. They forget the large number of Jews and Social Democrats who would be passed over to Hitler and they underestimate the psychological importance to the Czechs of their traditional Bohemian frontier. I agree, however, that now the easier Austrian frontier is available for Hitler, fortifications count for much less. The much more serious difficulty is economic; these Germans are an integral part of the Czechoslovak State; they work in Prague, Pilsen and Brno; to change the frontier would involve a surgical operation far more difficult to achieve economically than politically. To a Czech such a solution seems almost impossible, and indeed it would seem only feasible if the frontier was in fact open and the Czechs were dominated by Germany. One thing is clear, concessions solve nothing. If Hitler encourages Henlein, the Czech Government cannot reimpose its authority in the Sudentendeutsch regions and their demands and the threat of intervention will alike increase. The issue lies between London and Berlin, not between Prague and the Sudeten Germans.

CRITIC

GERMANY AND SCANDINAVIA

INTENSE efforts have been made since the Nazis came to power to make Germany self-sufficient as regards the raw materials essential for war. But the cold fact remains that it is impossible for Germany to be completely "autarkic" in these materials, and in time of war it would therefore be dependent upon trade with the neighbouring neutral states. In this respect Denmark and, in a much greater degree, Sweden hold key positions. For Denmark can supply foodstuffs and Sweden iron ore, each from within its own borders—and in these essential materials Germany is far from being self-sufficient.

Despite the reorganisation and expansion of the agricultural system, Germany's requirements of agricultural products cannot be covered by home production. It has been estimated

that Germany has at present a deficiency in fats of approximately one million tons and an equally large deficiency in albumen. These have to be covered by imports, and in consequence Germany must reckon upon being able to derive agricultural products from Denmark in case of war. With this object in view Germany has aimed at binding Denmark by means of trading relations and by means of veiled blackmail in the form of cultural and economic penetration of Sonderjylland. There is no doubt that the agricultural policy pursued by the British National Government of whittling down the Danish share of the British market has done much to increase the reliance of Denmark upon Germany as a commercial outlet, and thus to facilitate Nazi aims in that country.

Germany is a long way from self-sufficiency in regard to iron ore. By 1935 it had succeeded in covering about one-third of its requirements by home production and immense efforts have been made to increase this percentage, as the exploitation now proceeding of the low-content Salzgitter deposits bear witness. Neverthless, Germany cannot cover as much as half its requirements with its own production. During a war lasting more than two or three months Germany would be unavoidably compelled to import ore from Sweden, which at present provides as much as one-third of the Germany requirements. According to the Swedish Statistical Year Book the average export of iron ore from Sweden amounted to 8.75 million tons during the years 1926-30. In 1929 Sweden's iron ore export rose to nearly 11 million tons, but during the depression year 1932 it fell to 2.2 million tons. In 1936 it rose to 11.2 million and the following year it reached an estimated figure of 12 million tons—the highest figure for iron ore export Sweden has ever reached.

The greater part of this export—about three quarters—used to go to Germany. Great Britain has lately increased its quota share of Sweden's iron ore export, significantly under strong protest from Germany. Germany's share in the Swedish iron ore export now amounts to about 65 per cent., and it will in the future be 60 per cent. But this does not mean that the actual amount of ore exported to Germany is less. On the contrary, even with a reduced quota Germany will import a greater amount of Swedish iron ore than ever before.

It might be thought that Sweden is perilously dependent upon Germany for the success of its export trade in ores, especially as iron ore constitutes Sweden's most important export to Germany and gives Sweden a very considerable income and large profits. The great ore company Luossavaara-Kirunavaara A.B., in which the Swedish State owns half the capital of 80,000,000 kronor, and which controls the immense, rich ore fields in Northern Sweden, reported a net surplus of 47.7 million kronor for the year 1936-37. Moreover, the company is bound by a long-term contract with Germany. Nevertheless there would be little difficulty for the company to place the greater part of its production in Great Britain, and in case of war Britain's interest in the Swedish ores would be intense.

This explains why the German Government has taken such an obvious interest in the coast of Northern Norway, for it is from the northerly Norwegian port of Narvik, which is ice-free the whole year in contrast to the north Swedish ports in the Gulf of Bothnia, that the export of Swedish ore to England would proceed. It may be remembered that in the autumn of 1936 the former German Defence Minister, von Blomberg, made an inspection trip to Narvik, and at the same time paid a visit to Kiruna. For some time the new German cruiser "Köln" has been acting as fishery supervision vessel for the German trawlers off Northern Norway. It suffered some damage in a storm on March 6th, and the cruiser "Leipzig" has since been sent officially to its assistance. But why does Germany need such formidable vessels to supervise its fishing fleet in North Norway? It would be much more realistic to regard Blomberg's visit and the presence of the "Köln" and the "Leipzig" off the Norwegian coast as an indication of Germany's interest in stopping the transport of Swedish iron ore to England via Narvik in case of war.

The fear that Sweden, as a party to a League decision, might nevertheless stop supplying Germany with ore has long haunted the German war leaders. In consequence Germany has shown an extraordinary interest in trying to woo the favour of Sweden and in ensuring that Sweden would remain neutral in case of war, neutral in the sense that it would supply Germany with the raw materials which would enable Germany to prosecute the war. The German press, for instance, has been extraordinarily mild in its comments on Scandinavian, and in particular Swedish, democracy. The *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, in an article published towards the end of December, wrote that "what in other countries has, through Marxism, been introduced as a foreign element, has in Sweden a historical development. In 1935 the Swedish Riksdag could look back upon 500 years of existence." And Alfred Rosenberg, Germany's culture chief, in an interview with the Stockholm *Nya Dagliga Allehanda* in January, declared that Germany had "no reason to express any condemnation" of Swedish democracy, and that it had "taken pains to show understanding of the Scandinavian peoples." In addition, Germany appears to exercise a certain influence over a section of the Swedish press, notably over *Aftonbladet*, which is owned by Ivar Kreuger's brother, Torsten Kreuger. The foreign editor of *Aftonbladet*, the former naval paymaster Valentine Sjöberg, is an open Nazi supporter, whose hymns of praise for Hitler's heaven on earth have drawn sharp reproof from other Swedish papers, notably the Liberal *Dagens Nyheter*.

But Germany's most important aim in Sweden can be promoted without any pro-German propaganda in the more obvious meaning of the term. That aim is to ensure that Sweden will remain neutral in a war, or rather that it will continue to supply iron ore to Germany. All that is necessary is the freedom of Sweden from the League sanction obligations and the spread of the belief that Sweden can take a neutral position by declaring its right to trade with whom it will and when it will. This belief has been busily fostered in Sweden without German support. In the autumn of 1937 *Dagens Nyheter* opened a discussion on Swedish foreign policy, demanding freedom from League obligations and a definite "neutral" policy. The discussion was taken up by the rest of the press and has continued more or less intensively since then. So firmly fixed is the desire to keep out of the European cauldron among all sections of the people that the campaign met with but little real opposition and criticism. The only personality of any note to raise a doubting voice, Allan Vougt, editor of the Malmö Social-Democratic daily *Arbetet*, who pleaded for strong Swedish support of the League and of a "peace block" led by Britain, France and Russia, was sharply snubbed by the rest of the press, including the Stockholm *Social-Demokraten*, Sweden's leading Labour paper and organ of the Social-Democratic Party's leading elements.

Sweden's Foreign Minister, Rickard Sandler, has made two declarations since the discussion of Sweden's position in relation to the League was initiated. The first indicated a clear unwillingness to make any unreserved statement, an unwillingness which may be due to differences between the two Government parties, the Social-Democrats and the Farmers, and within the Social-Democratic Party itself. On the one hand he said that the Swedish Government, in co-operation with the other Northern Governments, would strive to attain changes in the League Covenant regarding sanctions against breakers of the peace, but on the other hand that the neutrality policy which the Scandinavian states should pursue ought not "to be carried on in such a way that a relapse is made to full equality between states which violate law and order and those states which respect the same."

Breaking sick-leave, Sandler returned to Stockholm in January this year to make another declaration on foreign policy. The principal features of this speech were that sanctions had now, *de facto*, ceased to function, and that the task of Sweden "as a member of the League," was to uphold a policy independent in all directions. "Any orientation in one direction

or the other," he added, "should be out of the question." This declaration was in full line with traditional Swedish foreign policy. For 125 years Sweden has succeeded in keeping at peace with its neighbours and the rest of the world, and that it wants to do so in the future is perfectly understandable. But in present circumstances such a policy implies support for the German war lords. Germany must rely upon a passive Scandinavia and not least upon a passive Sweden. As long as Hitler can obtain ore from Sweden all will be well. But suppose a neutral, isolated Sweden acted upon Sandler's dictum of differentiating between law-breaker and law-abider in case of German aggression leading to a European war, and cut off ore exports to Germany? Thoughtful people are now wondering uneasily if Hitler would not be as brusque with Sweden in order to get his way as he has just been with Austria, were he sure that Sweden could not rely upon the support of an opposing Great Power.

The bitter fact is beginning to be realised that a policy of complete neutrality may bind Sweden as effectively and in a much more objectionable fashion than any willing alliance or support of the League. But at the same time the desire to keep out of the European chaos, to remain free and independent, is as strong as ever. A chronic dilemma is facing Sweden's foreign policy, and the way Sweden settles the problem may have no little bearing upon the future of Europe.

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to G. M. Colquhoun.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be enst in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

As a woman and a lover of cats I would like to endorse Mr. Nichols's statement that cats can teach women everything. Everything, that is, but the one thing cats do not possess—a sense of loyalty to their mates.—Letter in *Daily Sketch.*

"I'm just an old-fashioned mother now. No trousers for me at my age," said twenty-nine-year-old Mrs. Bobbie Heine-Miller, one of this year's favourites for the Wimbledon championship, when I accompanied South Africa's team of tennis girls on a shopping tour of West End stores yesterday.

She explained: I played in skirts the last time I was at Wimbledon nine years ago, and skirts are good enough for me still. My kiddies are not going to have their 'little old lady' running around in trousers on the centre court on what is my last trip."

"It's a shame," said the babes of the team, Olive Craze, Sheila Peircey, each nineteen and boyishly slim. "She looks such a darling in trousers."—*Daily Express.*

"I do not know whether you are a knave or a fool if you thought you were going to corrupt a police officer with a paltry £5," said Mr. Herbert Metcalfe, the magistrate at Old-street, yesterday.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Ascot Fashions Display! Smart dogs should arrange now to come to Bellmead Kennels, Haslemere 452, Surrey. All Beauty treatments given.—Slimming, foam baths, top-knots singed and eyebrows made glamorous.—Advt. in *Times.*

The hymn "Abide With Me" has no doubt brought solace to thousands in time of trouble; but I am sure I am not alone in thinking it unsuitable for such an occasion as the Cup Final. The passages "fast falls the eventide" and "change and decay in all around I see," cast a note of gloom on this sporting event.—Letter in *Daily Mail.*

The colours of Nationalist Spain are the same as those of the M.C.C., and the familiar red and yellow glimpsed between the clouds of exploding shells awoke very different memories—indolent hours at Lords, M.C.C. flags drooping listlessly in the summer haze.—Mr. Arnold Lunn in *Universe.*

COUNTRY WALK

IT was too cold to sit in the garden after lunch at Norman's cottage, and Norman proposed a walk. "You feel up to it, Uncle George?" he asked that benign, rosy-cheeked, white-bearded old gentleman. "Up to it, my dear fellow?" responded Uncle George. "I'm dying for some exercise." "Good," said Norman, and then, as if a new thought had struck him: "I need hardly ask, but neither of you's frightened of dogs?" Uncle George's eyes twinkled through his spectacles at the suggestion. "It's a curious thing," he said, "but, when I was a child, I lived in perfect terror of dogs. I was so much frightened of them, and so ashamed of being frightened, that I used to pray every morning and evening: 'Please make me not be afraid of dogs.' Then suddenly the fear left me, and I've never been afraid of them since. Of course, dogs were much more savage in those days. These dogs you speak of, Norman, are not—er—savage, I take it?" "They're perfectly harmless," George assured him, "—just a confounded nuisance. They rush at you as if they were going to eat you, but, if you take no notice of them, they calm down in the end and go home." "But why walk in their direction?" asked Uncle George. "Well, as a matter of fact," said Norman, "my idea is that, the more they get used to strangers, the better. They belong to a farm with a right of way through the yard, and they get excited at the sight of strangers only because so few people go that way. I feel that, once they get to know people, they'll stop their snapping and snarling. Somebody's got to train them to behave decently. I hate to think of children being scared by them from taking a walk in the fields."

Uncle George looked dubious, and I, I confess, felt even more dubious than Uncle George looked. "Well, let's start," said Norman. "Anyone want a stick?" Uncle George looked relieved, and, going over to the umbrella-stand, carefully chose the thickest stick he could find—a bludgeon, one would have called it, rather than a stick. I chose the second thickest. Norman appeared to disdain such aids to walking. "Nothing like a stick for helping you up the hills," said Uncle George, cheerily, bringing the ferrule down with a thump on the floor.

It was a charming lane into which Norman took us, with willow-wrens singing in a copse and a wild apple in blossom. A cuckoo in the east was answered by a cuckoo in the south. There were bluebells under the trees, and Star of Bethlehem under the hedges, and I was beginning to feel that, even with the dry, grey northerly wind blowing, I had arrived in an earthly paradise when Norman nodded towards a house on the top of the hill and said: "That's the farm I was telling you about." It may have been an aural illusion or it may have been the lowing of a cow, but it seemed to me that a queer unearthly sound was coming from the farmhouse. It sounded to me like the baying of a bloodhound as I used to imagine it when I was reading a story about an escaped convict. "What was that?" asked Uncle George, standing still and listening. "A cow," said Norman, walking ahead, as you might say, insouciantly. Either he began to walk faster, or Uncle George and I began to walk more slowly as we approached the farm, for he was several yards in front of us when a dog appeared in the farmyard and tore down a field that was separated from us by a hedge full of gaps. "That's the collie bitch," said Norman, unconcernedly. "Makes the devil of a noise, doesn't she?" She certainly did. Behind the hedge she made threatening movements at us, as if she longed to tear us limb from limb, and with every movement she barked more viciously and ear-splittingly than any other dog I have ever heard. "Pay no heed to her," Norman called back to us; "she's all right."

The collie was running madly up and down the hedge, looking for an opening. Then she found one some way behind us, and came after us at a ferocious gallop. Uncle George held his stick behind him, swinging it from side to side like a pendulum as a defence to his legs. Even so, the collie finished

her charge by snapping the air within half an inch of his right calf. "Whatever you do," Norman called back, "don't irritate her. Don't do anything to make her savage." "Norman," said Uncle George bitterly, swishing his stick behind him, like the tail of a cow pestered with flies, "is very brave about other people's dangers." The dog was by now running round and round us, rushing at us and taking imaginary bites out of our calves and ankles. I confess that every time she approached my calf, I experienced a thrill more intense than any I have felt since I heard the voice of Sarah Bernhardt. The thrill of the arts, however, begins at the back of the neck and travels downwards, whereas the thrill that comes from the proximity of an angry dog's nose to one's calf begins somewhere just above the ankles and travels upwards. I could, I thought, feel the dog's hot breath through my trousers. At every rush of the dog from behind, I felt myself jerking like a marionette. Uncle George's leg muscles must have been contracting spasmodically, too: his rosy cheeks had become strangely putty-coloured.

A girl, hearing the noise, came to the door of the farmhouse and held the collar of another enormous dog that had been watching us approach—a dog that looked to me like a wolfhound. She smiled pleasantly, took the dog in, and closed the door on it. "Ah," said Norman, "she's taken the big fellow in. That's a pity. He's the worst of the lot, and I wanted to get him to know me." "I wish to heaven," said Uncle George, "that Norman could have thought of some way of getting these vicious creatures to know *him* without forcing their acquaintance on us." At that moment, another dog—a terrier of some sort—came round the corner of the house, hesitated for a moment's look at us, and came flying towards us like a small hurricane.

The collie and the terrier now began to race round and round us, snapping and barking as they raced. Uncle George, threatened fore and aft, ceased to swing his stick behind him, and began to walk backwards, making circular movements with it in the direction of the dogs' noses. The more he waved the stick the more excited the dogs became, the terrier jumping into the air as though nothing would satisfy it but a mouthful of Uncle George's beard. "If I get out of this alive," said Uncle George, making a vicious swoosh with his stick at the collie's muzzle, "I'll let George know exactly what I think of him. This," said he, making a swipe that just missed the terrier by inches, "is not my idea of the way in which a gentleman should entertain his guests during week-ends." I cordially agreed with him, and edged a few feet away in the hope that the dogs would concentrate their fury on the man who was waving his stick at them. "What are you people doing?" said Norman, looking round. "Don't you know that the only way to treat strange dogs is to walk ahead as if they weren't there? I thought you said you weren't afraid of dogs, Uncle George." "I'm not afraid of them," said Uncle George; "a soldier isn't afraid because he defends himself."

At that moment, the girl appeared at the door of the farmhouse again. She stood there, smiling as she watched Uncle George's sword-play, and made no effort to interfere. Encouraged by the presence of their mistress, the dogs redoubled their boundings, barkings, snappings and snarlings, and the collie's teeth were now bare. The girl looked benignantly happy. "Can't you call them off?" asked Uncle George, testily, hardly daring to take his eye off his enemies. "They won't touch you," said the girl, in a gentle, sweet voice. "I know," said Uncle George, "but you might call them off all the same." The girl with some reluctance came over to the dogs, and the dogs with much greater reluctance allowed themselves to be caught and held by the collar, growling and barking after their retreating enemy.

"Perfectly monstrous," said Uncle George, mopping his brow as we got out of sight of the farm; "perfectly monstrous. No one should be allowed to keep dogs like that. They're simply a terror to women and children." "They'll be all right," said Norman, "when they get to know us. Now that they see we're harmless, you'll find that they won't make half as much fuss when we pass them again on the way home." "Pass them again!" exclaimed Uncle George; "you don't mean to say that we've got to go through that Gehenna of noise again?" "Those dogs," said Norman, "have got to be taught sense. Besides the only other way home is three miles longer." "I feel in the mood for a good walk," said Uncle George, firmly; "what do you say, Y?" I said that I always liked to go home by a different route from the way out. "Two to one!" cried Uncle George, the roses coming into his cheeks again; "step out, Norman."

We walked along in silence for some time, two of us at least breathing with the happiness of reprieved men. Then the silence was broken by Uncle George. "I always say," he declared, though the thought had probably struck him only for the first time, "that dogs and horses are a kind of lunatics. You never know what they'll do." "They're all right if you leave them alone," said Norman. "A kind of lunatics," murmured Uncle George, slowly, as if talking to himself.

Y. Y.

JUMPING RATES

ALL over the country ratepayers in Counties and in Boroughs are faced this year by an increase in the bill they are asked to foot. Even where rates have not been actually raised, it is acknowledged that liabilities are increasing faster than assets.

In the run of party warfare this is of course attributed to the extravagance of the party in power. Sheer unimaginativeness has made "the rate" the major issue at elections, with the result that the real problems of local government are disregarded, and the real responsibility of the Central Government is discreetly veiled. For the chief causes of rising rates are to be found not in local politics at all, but in factors which can only be controlled at Westminster.

Let me take as an instance the midland town in which I live. Morris-Oxford is now an expanding industrial city dependent on the motor trade for its prosperity. Like Coventry and Luton it enjoys the doubtful privilege of high wages combined with inflated rents and a rapidly increasing population. Sheltered by tariffs, providentially endowed with a middle-class in North Oxford who do not ask any return for their rates in elementary schools or Council houses or Community centres, we should be blessed indeed. But as a matter of fact we are burdened with an increasing weight of local taxation, which no financial juggling, or "Ratepayers" economy can prevent.

No doubt there are local reasons for this. Both the University (which nominates one sixth of the Council) and the Tradesmen who controlled our destinies in happy co-operation with the Dons until the rise of Labour in 1935, shut their eyes for years to the fact of Oxford's industrialisation. Colleges and City landowners, who made handsome profits in the orgy of land speculation, righteously denounced Lord Nuffield, formed a Preservation Society, and left the development of the city to God and the jerry builder. God filled their pockets but neglected to preserve the city from his earthly colleagues; and now, at gigantic cost, the ravages are being slowly made good or patched up. Sites, which could have been acquired by the Council fifteen years ago for £20 an acre, now cost £600 or are lost for ever; and shabby suburbs round the old city are being rendered as tolerable as it is possible to make them—at a price.

But this local folly is only a partial explanation of our rising rates. Even if our Dons and Tradesmen had been miraculously endowed with common sense and courage, they could not have avoided vastly increased expenditure. A new industrial town attracts a working-class population from less fortunate areas, and this population requires social services. Thus the increase of rateable value in the new suburbs is not as great as the increase of expenditure which is necessitated by them. The number, for instance, of children under one in Oxford is twice as great as the number between ten and eleven, and this

means we shall soon need twice as many places in our schools. As the school buildings of South Wales and Durham are emptied, so new school buildings are required here. Industrial migration is in fact the chief cause of increased rates both in the old and the new industrial areas. The old must support an ageing population by levying a crippling public assistance rate while its schools are slowly emptied: the new must provide brand new social services, which if the luxury trade collapses will be themselves rendered superfluous by yet another migration. The Local Authority is in fact compelled to make permanent provision for a population of whose permanence it has no assurance.

Moreover it must do this under laws which make it well-nigh defenceless against exploitation. At the mercy of rocketing land values, it must buy at the "fair market figure," even under compulsory purchase. If it is not big enough to have its own works department, it is at the mercy of contractors whose tenders in the rearmament boom rise month by month. And even if it uses direct labour, the coal magnates, the cement and brick and steel monopolists and the plumbing racket keep the cost of materials at any figure they please. A city council in the modern world of cartels and monopolies has small power of resistance: and even if it uses all the town planning powers available, it cannot get round the fact that our legislation seems designed to retain for the property owner all the increment of land values which municipal enterprise produces. Our roads, and lighting and sewers raise the value of the land they serve, and yet the profit goes not to the ratepayer but to the landlord.

In short, the prosperity of Morris-Oxford is a prosperity shared between industrialist and landlord. Even the local shopkeeper gets little out of it, since he finds the chain stores claiming all the best sites and undercutting his small enterprise; while the Welshman or Northerner who moves here is faced by scarcity rents, high prices, and inflated rating assessments which make him not much better off than he was before. Indeed, if he is forced out of £3 10*s*. a week to buy a jerry-built house and furniture by part payments, he may well be actually worse off than in a depressed area.

But we must add to these distresses, the avowed intention of Central Government to throw more and more of the social services on the rates. Already Public Assistance must subsidise the miserable Old Age Pension provided nationally in nearly a million cases. This year, moreover, health services have been increased by the addition of Midwifery which is almost entirely borne by the Rates; and we have to reckon with an unknown bill for A.R.P. The intention is clear. The clamour for social services shall be silenced by making the ratepayer provide them himself, while the Government uses its national taxation for rearmament.

This method of "democratically" slowing up the advance of social services is specially effective because of the actual incidence of local taxation. Our present rating system seems deliberately designed to lay the heaviest burden on the small man. We have seen that the landlord and industrialist are the only gainers from industrial migration, but it is just these two classes who are practically exempted from payment of rates. Here in Oxford, well over half the rates (£427,000) is paid by householders, the vast majority working men, while the whole of Oxford industry, including Morris's, pays a paltry £7,000. As for the landlord, he only pays on his dwelling-house if he happens to live here. The coming of the motor trade has produced gigantic profits and gigantic demands on the ratepayer; but the profits go to Nuffield College while the working man pays for the mess which the new industry has caused, and out of which the land speculator has profited. Neither industrialists nor landlords feel or care about rate increases, but the working man feels every 6*d*. and begins to grudge himself the schools for his children.

This year a new and crowning injustice was to be added. Not content with beginning decontrol, the Government decided to whip up the assessments of post-war houses, and thus increase the rate-burden of the poorest section of the population. One of the factors in assessing a house is the rent, and up till now Valuation Committees have usually assessed them not on the scarcity rents prevailing, but on the rent one might reasonably be expected to obtain. Then came an edict that, since scarcity rents had disappeared (!), assessments of post-war houses must be raised to the true rental. This would have involved rate increases of from 20 per cent. to 40 per cent. solely for new working-class houses and would have made many owner-occupiers liable to Schedule A Income Tax as well. It was a nice plan not only for transferring an increased share of local taxation to the worker, but also for imposing a new slice of national taxation on people who had been forced against their will, in the absence of houses to rent, to buy their houses. Owing to the volume of protest, the Minister suddenly made a stand-still order till 1941 (after the election?) But once more the intention is clear. Penal taxation is to make the small man into the enemy of a progressive social policy, and drive him into an alliance with the industrialist and landlord. This policy is called "giving the masses a stake in the country."

Labour has perhaps gained its finest triumphs in Local Government. It has proved that it can administer wisely and plan far more spaciously than its business opponents. But, as I have shown, the freedom of Local authorities to do good is being yearly narrowed and it is essential that we should explain to the electorate that it is the central Government which is chiefly responsible for their "extravagance." The abolition of de-rating, adequate Old Age Pensions, and a tax on the increment in land values are the only real remedies for rising rates, not to mention Government control of the location of industry. I believe that if Labour could put this over to the nation, it would arouse real enthusiasm for its programme. Certainly it would lighten the task of Labour Councillors and give them hope of a time when Municipal Enterprise might really show what it can do. R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Correspondence

LABOUR AND THE POPULAR FRONT

SIR,—To such a degree does Mr. Rutherford, in the column you have given him, obscure the issue between Labour and the Popular Front, particularly in the Banbury division, that it needs, alas, another column to clear it.

I have some advantage over him. I know the local facts. In the second place, as I used to talk with the first working man M.P. when he came to my father's house, and I once sat up half the night to address envelopes for the second working man M.P., my experience of the Labour movement is more than twice as long as Mr. Rutherford's. To show that I am not a lukewarm member of the Labour Party, I may mention that I have given £50 two years running to the funds of one of the Labour papers, and that I am the oldest member of the Banbury Labour Party executive.

Banbury was originally a Liberal seat. Because, at four successive elections, there has been both a Liberal and a Labour candidate, a gift of the seat has been made to the Conservative Party. The resulting situation on the eve of the last election, 1935, seemed so hopeless that the secretary of our executive was against fighting. I offered a financial guarantee and urged fighting; we fought, and were beaten once more, this time in a straight fight with the Conservative—beaten by nearly two to one, because the Liberals would not vote for our Labour candidate.

In preparation for the election now looming the executive heard again the views of this Labour candidate and also the views of another active member of the Labour Party, who, like him, is non-resident in the division, and of Patrick Early, resident. Early, though a supporter of the Labour Short Term Programme and a member of the Fabian Society, felt that, in view of the gravity of the international situation and the urgency of uniting the anti-Fascist vote, he ought to stand as a Progressive Front candidate. After also hearing two representatives of Labour headquarters, the decision of the executive, by a considerable majority, which included most of the experienced members of the Party, was to support Early. (The majority was repeated at two meetings.) Early belongs to a family famous for its blanket-making, since James II, in the county, and honourably known

throughout the constituency for sound public work. Early himself, an alert, travelled, vigorous young man, is a county councillor, a first-rate speaker and debater, and an ardent supporter of the League of Nations Union.

For the next election only, a Popular Front committee was formed of the leading Labour workers and leading Liberals, with the approval of Lord Olivier, president of our local party until his removal from our division. A little paper was started, a number of meetings have been held (addressed by, among others, Colonel Delahaye, Mr. Wilfred Roberts, M.P., Mr. G. D. H. Cole, Mr. Geoffrey Mander, M.P., Lord Saye and Sele, our Quaker chairman and myself), and if every anti-Fascist vote can be polled there is a prospect of the seat being won.

Mr. Rutherford proposes to barge in and, for the sixth time, give the seat to the Conservatives.

I want to see in the House of Commons, at the earliest possible moment, a strong Socialist Government with a secure majority. The action which Mr. Rutherford thinks of taking cannot hasten its coming. It must rather hinder it, for if Labour headquarters should be ill-advised enough to waste the money of the movement in backing him they must weaken the faith of a large number of their members and of the public in their common sense and their ability to perceive the major problems before the world.

If Mr. Rutherford is under the illusion that the Socialist vote alone is strong enough to turn out the National Government it might be wholesome for him to ascertain just how many members of the National Executive of the Labour Party are prepared to wager a month's income on the prospect.

I do not need to be told that there are occasions when it is of service to a Party for a member to fight a seat he cannot hope to win. But Mr. Rutherford's candidature could not be useful propaganda. It could only be a discouragement to well-tried members of the Party, a wasting of their money, and a sacrifice of an opportunity of helping the country to a wiser relationship with the world.

If there be a General Election this year the issue is not the excellent things that a strong Socialist Government would do if only we could have one, but how to rally the whole anti-Fascist vote of the country for Peace against War. The measure of the Labour Party will be taken by the nation according to the way it faces up to an international situation of the gravest possible kind, or to the way it encourages, until the bombs drop, those exalted discussions on the precise differences between Socialists, Liberals and Communists of which we have seen the disastrous results in Spain, Germany and France.

Mr. Rutherford's evident impression that our association with Liberals will seduce us into Liberalism argues a lack of faith in the strength of the Socialist case which we do not feel.

Idbury, Kingham, Oxon. J. W. ROBERTSON SCOTT

SIR,—Mr. Rutherford objects to a Popular Front. He admits that unless we can oust Neville the Unready, we are facing ruin. He admits that Labour may fail to oust him single-handed. He admits that, if so, "on a short-term view" there is no way but an alliance with the Liberal Opposition. And yet he objects.

Why? Because a Liberal-Labour Government will not give him Socialism in the next five years. It might save England. It might save Europe. Mr. Rutherford admits that. But that is not enough for him. Is not Mr. Rutherford just a trifle exacting?

For suppose Labour persists in fighting alone and loses the next general election? Is Mr. Rutherford going to get his Socialism in five years, or in twenty-five years, in a Europe dominated by Fascist aggression? It may well be desirable to socialise England; but it is of some importance for that purpose that there should still be an England to socialise. We are quarrelling in a fortress that is already mined.

Further, he so little trusts his own creed that he thinks every Labour voter who backslides into Liberalism is a lost soul for ever. "Will you ever get these votes back again?" Why on earth not? If a vast body of electors did not constantly change their minds, how would Governments ever change at all?

What opponents of a Liberal-Labour pact fail to realise is that a mass of people in this country are sick to death of this Government—of its dishonesty, its cynicism, its callousness, its incompetence—and yet do not trust the Labour alternative. These people may be wrong. They may be stupidly wrong. But they are there. They are frightened of a Labour Government. They feel as if they were going for a ride in a car with an inexperienced driver and no brakes. But a Liberal-Labour combination, they feel, would be different. The Liberals would be the brakes.

Labour can only convince such people in their millions that it *can* govern, by actually governing. If it succeeds in partnership, it will be trusted alone. The vital thing is that the experiment should be made—and made quickly. The first thing to do with power is, always, to get it.

Further, the ordinary citizen distrusts and dislikes the type of professional politician. And he suspects that this Labour opposition to an alliance comes from the professional Labour politicians who cannot subordinate their petty views to the common good. "Left or Right," he feels, "they're all alike." This may be grossly unfair. But it is felt. And it is damaging. Even if it does not make electors vote Conservative, it may leave them too cynically apathetic to vote at all.

"First things first," is an excellent working rule. And the first thing to-day is at all costs to rid England and Europe of Chamberlain, Londonderry, Inskip, Simon, Hoare and Co. And for that we need, not plaintive theories, but an active alliance of all "men of good will." F. L. LUCAS

King's College, Cambridge.

SIR,—The by-elections are all very well and there is a good deal to be said for the fusion of progressive elements into a coherent and effective opposition to the present Government, in order that we may see not only a change in foreign policy but the introduction within the country of adequate social reforms which are long overdue. But indignation and enthusiasm are not enough. All the implications and probable consequences of such an alliance ought to be considered, foreseen and, as far as may be, provided for. In this regard there is one factor which has up to the present, as it seems to me, received insufficient attention. Yet its importance is, in my view, crucial.

A Popular Front or Peace Alliance would presumably have for its main object the displacement of Mr. Chamberlain's administration and the formation of an alternative Government. Upon taking office such a Government would, one infers, hasten to grant facilities for buying arms to the Spanish Government, if that Government still existed, give explicit assurances to Czechoslovakia, refuse to recognise Italian sovereignty over Abyssinia, render assistance to China and declare its adherence to the Franco-Soviet Pact. Now is it not to be anticipated that such a policy, so distasteful to a section of the community not insignificant in size and enjoying substantial power and influence, would be resisted and resisted by force?

Consider. While it may be conceded that the Popular Front Government would engage the loyalty of a majority of the people of Britain, it is hardly probable that this majority would be so overwhelming as to compel those who in the circumstances would favour what I may call extra-parliamentary methods to regard any attempt on their part to overthrow the Government as futile and doomed to failure. After all, they are resolute and bold. They even now have possession or control of the instruments and means which they would require for their purpose. Some occupy positions which would enable them gravely to embarrass the Government. The Communist scare would be run for all it was worth. Aid and encouragement might even come from overseas. The situation, though far more critical, would not be dissimilar from that which arose in 1913. Is not similar behaviour to be expected? With Britain thus immobilised, France could do little, Czechoslovakia would be made safe for National Socialism, and the Spanish Government, if then still in being, would be overwhelmed.

Is such an eventuality so remote that it can be disregarded? I ask for information. If it is not, what steps can be taken in the first place now, and in the second if and when a Popular Front Government comes to power, to guard against it?

51 Westgate Road, J. HARVEY ROBSON
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

[We have received a very large number of letters on this subject, many of them of great length. Correspondents are asked to make their points as briefly as they possibly can. ED., *N.S. & N.*]

PENALISING MARRIAGE

SIR,—Is Mr. Williams-Peacock quite correct in his assumption that a married couple, as quoted in his example contained in your last issue, are penalised to the extent he states and, apparently, would have your other readers believe?

When a wife earns an income by her own independent labour an abatement is allowed on her *earned* income (in addition to the husband's allowances) of four-fifths of her income up to a maximum allowance of £45. As she already receives a deduction of one-fifth

because it is earned income, this confers total exemption in respect of the first £56 5s. of her earnings. The total allowances, however, of husband and wife cannot exceed £300 plus £45 in respect of earned income, and the husband's return must, of course, show the wife's income in addition to his own, precisely as in other cases where separate assessment has not been claimed.

It should be noted that the allowance for wife's *earned income* is conditional upon her having such earned income. If a wife helps in her husband's business without any remuneration she has in law no income of her own from that business; and no claim to deduct a notional wage in calculating the profits, nor will any claim to wife's earned income relief be admitted. There is no pecuniary advantage in claiming separate assessment as no greater amounts can be claimed in allowances than if no such application be made.

In the hypothetical cases quoted, an amount of forty-five times 5s. 6d., or £12 7s. 6d., must be deducted from the total tax of £34 12s. 6d. which it is stated by your correspondent would be levied. The margin of error being an appreciable one of over 35 per cent.

That there is a penalty in marriage, so far as taxation is concerned—as in all other aspects—is admitted.

PETER GRIFFITHS

"Beech Croft," Coleshill Road,
Marston Green, Birmingham.

A CORRECTION

SIR,—Since in his review of my novel, *Women of Affairs*, Mr. Shawe-Taylor describes my spelling as a "disgrace," I feel justified in drawing attention to the fact that he misspells my name in that review.

DAPHNE NICOL

3 Mount Vernon, N.W.3.

THE SHOPS MUDDLE

SIR,—Mr. Donald Barber, in stating that the Shops (Sunday Trading Restriction) Act was a private member's measure, is technically accurate, but he has not said that the Act was so changed by the Government that the member in question has practically disowned it in a statement to the press. To a large section of the shopkeeping community it is an imposition of a very crippling nature.

Mr. Barber will presumably not agree with me in my contention that independent shopkeepers should be allowed to sell their goods whenever they like. Possibly in Stanmore small shopkeepers are so prosperous that they can consider the Shops Acts with equanimity, and enjoy their leisure; but of the many in London that I have spoken to, every one without exception has said that he prefers livelihood to leisure, and from their point of view the Acts were only passed in order to be broken. Food shops are blessed with most exemptions under the Acts. But if proprietors of small shops are allowed to serve customers with cooked meats after hours, then, Act or no Act, they are obviously going to serve them also with other foodstuffs that they have in stock. Breaking the law is inevitable, because the proprietors feel that in order to keep their trade they must run the risk of prosecution.

The activity of the Grocers' Federation in suppressing the grant of partial exemption orders can be read of in back numbers of the *Grocers' Gazette* (where, incidentally, Mr. Barber will find a different version of the Eldorado ice-cream case from the one he gives in refutation of my accuracy); and if the unofficial spying of the Federation is a figment of my imagination, then it has also been imagined by the many small shopkeepers who have been informed against and convicted through the efforts of the larger shops.

If assistants are protected from excessive hours of work, as they in fact are under the Shops Act of 1912—to which I would refer Mr. Barber—there seems to be no objection to the opening of shops where the proprietor does the work himself. To a great number of proprietors Sunday was the best day for trade, and now they say that it is not worth their while to stay open at all; accordingly, the public is prevented from buying even the newly cooked provisions which the Government has so magnanimously allowed them to be served with.

As a general rule, shopkeepers who are prosperous enough to employ assistants can afford to close anyway. To give the small man a chance to make what he can when the bigger shops are closed would not seem to me to be a measure of undue harshness.

30 Regent Square, THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE
London, W.C.1.

We are glad to acknowledge the following further sums received for Spanish Relief:

O. E. Phillips (£10); A. L. Bulley (£5 15s.); Anon., Totnes County School for Girls (£5 5s.); Francis Bailey, Mrs. Pain (£2 2s.); Sam Heppner (£1 12s. 6d.); Joan Hoyle (£1 10s.); Anon. (2), H. B. H., C. K. (£1); Anon., T. D. McE., J.P., H. L. Wood (10s.); Anon., P. Lacey (5s.); L. Thompson (3s.); P. V. Y. (2s. 6d.); Mrs. G. R. Wilkie ($5 52c.).

Miscellany

A GREAT UNPOPULAR PLAY

IT is not surprising that Mr. Lawrence Olivier's acting should have been praised. He plays the part of Coriolanus with a trenchant vigour, a ringing voice and noble carriage, which are captivating; with a touch of rasping humour, too—if the appropriate contemptuous amazement that *he*, Coriolanus, should be asked to demean himself or beg for votes ("Here come *more* voices") can be described as humour. Nor did Miss Sybil Thorndike's Volumnia disappoint her admirers. I have only one fault to find: a certain critical self-consciousness crept into her delivery of that Roman matron's sentiments about war in the earlier scenes. She was too aware of how they would strike an ironical pacifist in the audience. At these moments she was exposing Volumnia rather than impersonating her. She excels in the scene in which she bids her son go to the plebs he has offended "with this bonnet in thy hand, thy knee bussing the stones," and she is most moving in the brief scene of his departure into banishment. Then she speaks but twice; once to curse, "Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome," and once in an agony of solicitude for her hero-son. Here she actually moved me more than in the great set-scene in which she implores him to spare Rome. That peak of emotion was not scaled by either Volumnia or by Coriolanus. Can it be that this scene to which a long succession of great actors and actresses in the past have looked forward as their tremendous opportunity, is too deliberate, too stagey now, to appeal to modern sensibility? Or was the climax beyond this pair of actors? The part of Coriolanus here is the highest possible challenge to the art of dumb-show. What we are witnessing is the conquest of passion by natural feelings, and the conflict in him is silent. Until he bursts out, "O mother, mother! What have you done? Behold, the Heavens do ope, the gods look down, and this unnatural scene they laugh at", Coriolanus has not spoken since he uttered those forbidding words, "I have sat too long." Thus we do not know at what point during Volumnia's long tirade ruth even began in him to get the better of revenge and loyalty to his Voscian masters. Thus it lies with the genius of the actor alone to depict convincingly the gradual change (or was it sudden?) from the Coriolanus of whom Cominius reported:

> I tell you he does sit in gold, his eye
> Red as t'would burn Rome

to the Coriolanus who appeals even pathetically to his new master:

> Were you in my stead, would you have heard
> A mother less? Or granted less Aufidius?

I cannot say that Mr. Olivier during Volumnia's appeal riveted our attention on this conflict so as to reveal its swaying agony.

While this famous scene is in my mind, let me record two little points which should have contributed more to it than they did upon the stage of The Old Vic. One is Aufidius's reply to the above appeal, namely the words, "I was moved withal." Now the character of Aufidius is the one weak place in a play otherwise remarkable, even in Shakespeare's drama, for the sureness with which the characters are drawn He therefore needs to be most carefully acted. Volumnia is intensely real and of one piece, Meninius, too, is always himself

(the adroit old aristocrat), while Virgilia is drawn with a few extraordinarily deft touches, and Coriolanus is in every mood unvaryingly consistent; but Aufidius is a blurred uncertain figure. How then should Aufidius speak those words? First, they should be prepared by a significant pause. The appeal of Coriolanus, "Were you in my stead, etc.," is the only time that pride is not uppermost when he addresses anyone except his mother. He is humble, knowing that his honour is no longer flawless, and stoops to propitiate his comrade-in-arms. This so significant a moment, and so closely connected with the drama of the conflict we have watched that it should be made to tell. We should wait in a second or two of suspense for Aufidius's reply. What will be the reaction of the man who is so personally involved in the surrender we have just witnessed? The pause should have something in common with pauses which on more trivial occasions are called "awkward." Aufidius should first show embarrassment; and then, in view of the fact that he is soon to charge Coriolanus, not only with treachery, but with unmanly weakness ("Pages blushed at him and men of heart look'd wondering at each other"), the words "I was moved withal," should be pronounced with a freezing indifference. And the relief of Coriolanus who, as ever, is completely insensitive to what *others* think or feel, his confident "I dare be sworn you were," would then be charged with dramatic irony. This brief interchange between them is the link that leads to and prepares us for the final tragedy.

That is one point the production missed in this famous scene. Again the scene as acted failed to give due effect to that cry of Virgilia which echoes Volumnia's threat that it will be over her dead body Coriolanus will enter Rome. "Ay," she cries, "and mine!" This cry is important, not only dramatically, but as completing the character of Virgilia, who hitherto has been all yielding gentleness and love ("My gracious silence"). She is the embodiment of a loathing for bloody heroism which makes her the exact opposite of Volumnia. We have seen her unable to "turn her solemness out of doors" as long as her beloved Coriolanus is at the front. She contrasts, too, with the chattering excited Valeria who gets a kick out of war. Virgilia cannot take a happy pride in her husband's wounds, for to her they are wounds, not merely badges of bravery; nor is she gratified when Valeria and Volumnia draw attention to her little son's "confirmed countenance" and his taste for tearing butterflies. When his grandmother exclaims, "One of his father's moods" and Valeria echoes, "Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child," his mother replies, "A crack, madam," i.e., an imp. Now, when Virgilia comes with the other women of Rome to sue for mercy, Coriolanus instantly perceives a change in her. "These eyes," he says, looking at her, "are not the same I wore in Rome." Virgilia is no longer a dove. This adoring woman in whose demeanour he was wont to read an absolute devotion and a constant confirmation of his own heroic strength, stands up to him prepared to die! It is a shock more powerful than any argument. If I may hazard a hint to Mr. Olivier, that surprise is the turning point of the struggle within Coriolanus, though the victory of feeling is postponed; and it is also (if only the producer will make room for her) the finest moment in Virgilia's exquisite but tiny part. The gentlest of women now bars his path like a black exclamation mark. That cry from her, "Ay, and mine!" should ring out. It inflicts a stab through which his mother's arguments enter to make havoc of his resolution.

It was Ruskin who first discovered Virgilia as "perhaps the loveliest of Shakespeare's female characters," and it is this moment in the play which distinguishes her gentleness from the submissiveness of his other gentle women. But in drawing Valeria the dramatist's hand was not so sure. There is nothing in her to deserve the lovely lines so often remembered:

> The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle
> That's curdied by the frost from purest snow,
> And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria.

Though Coriolanus was a man who hadn't the vaguest notion what other people were like, this swears too grossly with the Valeria who is revealed in the play. How like the Immortal Bard not to be able to resist writing lovely lines, though they go clean against the character they describe. But this small slip and the uncertain outline of Aufidius apart, *Coriolanus* is remarkable for its consistency in characterisation; and, it may be added, for the concentration of its drift. The bones and framework of the tragedy stand out stark and strong. There is only one other weakness: the implication throughout that only noblemen can fight. But as a character-drama, and that is what *Coriolanus* is, it is a magnificent play. Coriolanus himself is a masterpiece. He is not a sympathetic character, and hence the play's comparative unpopularity. We watch him with moments of exhilarating wonder, but without acute sympathy, stumbling blindly to his end. His sense of honour is far more sensitive than his mother's, and if intolerably arrogant towards those beneath him, he is equally overbearing to his equals. Politically, the Tribunes are about right when they accuse him, not merely of class-conservatism but of being a "traitorous innovator." In short, he is a Fascist who, believing that the people can neither govern, nor be governed except by force alone, wants, as the Tribunes see, to deprive them of all influence in the State: in fact, he aims at a Fascist revolution which neither Cominius nor Menenius (Mr. Cecil Trouncer was good) desired or trusted. The moments when Coriolanus shows most sympathetically (and these Mr. Olivier played splendidly) are: when he cannot ask civilly for votes or show his wounds in public; when he cannot stand hearing his own praises sung before the senate and stalks out; when he consents to humble himself to be re-elected consul and shows the boyishness of his nature (no wonder he resented Aufidius's jeer at him as "boy") in surrendering to his mother's authority; and when he could not restrain that final furious outburst of contempt before the people, despite his promise to court them.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

STRAUSS AND WAGNER AT COVENT GARDEN

THE present season at Covent Garden seems likely to prove the best that has been given there for many years. After the excellent production of *Die Zauberflöte* we have had equally good performances of *Der Fliegende Holländer* and *Der Rosenkavalier* and a production of Strauss's *Elektra* which would have satisfied Strauss himself. It is said that Richard Strauss considers *Elektra* to be his finest opera and one can well understand why he has this opinion of it, for it is an astonishing and in its way convincing *tour de force*, if not actually a masterpiece. Rose Pauly, who sang Elektra in the Salzburg production last year, has made her name as the foremost exponent of the part in recent years, but her superb performance was by no means isolated. The Klytemnestra of Kerstin Thorborg was no less effective and her acting in the exacting scene with Elektra was most impressive. To have, in addition to these artists, an equally fine Chrysothemis in Hilde Konetzni—whose fine voice was heard to great advantage in the part—gives some measure of the high standard of the cast on this occasion. *Elektra* is decidedly an opera for actresses rather than for actors, the parts for men, Aegisth (Fritz Wolff) and Orest (Herbert Janssen), being much less important. I say "actresses" because this opera demands of its cast so much more than a good voice and the art of singing. Unless Klytemnestra and Elektra can impart to the audience something of the sinister vigour which inspires them, the work must entirely fail of its effect. It is here that *Elektra* is superior to *Salome* in my opinion. The vulgarity and banality which characterise so much of Strauss's music is much more evident in *Salome* where it shows through all the elaboration and skill of Strauss's orchestration to the essential commonplaceness of the threads of which it is spun. But even in the very skill with which Strauss works up his sonorous effects there is a touch of the obvious and grandiose. In *Elektra* his taste and judgment seem to have been more alert and the

extreme monotony of the action possibly put him on his guard, making him realise the necessity for more invention and attention to sheer craft in order to carry it off.

Nevertheless, even in *Elektra* I hear the Vienna Strauss—not Johann but Richard—who is truer to his surname than he realises. The climaxes of *Elektra* often have the same ring as those of *Der Rosenkavalier*. They are opulent rather than sinister, sumptuous rather than imaginative; so that we find repeated in his operatic work the history of his orchestral compositions. The true Strauss is the Strauss of *Till Eulenspiegel* and *Der Rosenkavalier* in which there is an abundance of sentimental invention, dramatic instinct, opulence of orchestration, beauty of sonority and cunning craftsmanship, but nothing unearthly, nothing that takes one's breath away, nothing that makes one's heart almost stop beating, as there is in Mozart, as there is in *Fidelio*. We have only likewise to compare *Don Quixote* with *Also sprach Zarathustra* to realise how much better the former subject suits him. Humour, fantasy, brilliance and a small dose of humanity Strauss's music possesses; but not a shred of profundity or grandeur; with him these latter degenerate into pomposity and frigid grandiloquence. But *Elektra* is one of the best examples of his truly enormous talent; the present production with the superb setting by Aravantinos is as fine as we shall have an opportunity of hearing, and it is not an experience to miss.

I confess to something like an affection for *Der Fliegende Holländer*, which has long been my favourite Wagner opera. In fact, *Der Fliegende Holländer* makes me, also, a Wagnerian, and I hasten to warmly commend the present production under Erich Kleiber, who is conducting *Der Rosenkavalier* this season, too. Erich Kleiber strikes me as one of the best conductors I have ever heard at Covent Garden. His *Holländer* is much more generally alive and more pleasing in detail than the last Covent Garden production under a different conductor. Herbert Janssen gives a fine performance as the Dutchman, which is not a part that one might have thought would have suited him. The new Senta, Margarete Kubatzki has a pleasing appearance and suits the part better than Kerstin Flagstad, who sang it last at Covent Garden, but her voice is a bit unsteady. The setting of Dr. Emil Preetorius is again used this year and it does not solve all the problems Wagner has presented in this opera; it is, nevertheless, impressive and much the best setting of the Dutchman I have ever seen. What is the secret of this opera's hold upon one in spite of its glaring inequalities of style? Well, one may say that not until *Tristan und Isolde* did Wagner evolve a homogeneous and personal style that was entirely his own. In this respect *Der Fliegende Holländer* is no worse than *Lohengrin*, or even the "Ring"; although the Italian operatic influence is perhaps a little more obvious. On the other hand, it has a spontaneity, a freshness and a lack of self-consciousness which exist nowhere else in Wagner's work. The fiery intensity and real imaginative quality which is displayed in the first act is maintained in the magnificent scenes between Senta and Eric and Senta and the Dutchman in the second act, and in addition, Wagner here reveals a delightful lyrical invention of a straightforward and convincing character. *Der Fliegende Holländer* is not a crooked work, like so much of Wagner and so much of Strauss. In it we may detect the real vein of imaginative idealism which became so extremely distorted in Wagner's later work as to be positively nauseating in *Parsifal* where the renunciation theme may be said to have gone bad on its exponent.

It was a great pity that Lotte Lehmann was taken ill on the first night of *Der Rosenkavalier* during the first act, because her performance seemed to be in her best form. Hilde Konetzni took the part of the Marschallin at a moment's notice and after an interval of about 25 minutes the opera proceeded from the point where it had stopped. Hilde Konetzni sang superbly, she has a really fine voice, but she naturally lacks the inimitable charm which Lotte Lehmann gives to this part. The Octavian of Tiana Lemnitz was first-rate, as might be expected from this excellent artist, and Erna Berger makes a charming Sophie von Faninal. The new Baron Ochs, Fritz Krenn, is a splendid singer and actor. Whether he is too dignified—as Richard Mayr was perhaps a little too grotesque—in the part will be a matter of individual taste.

W. J. TURNER

VIENNA TO-DAY

[By AN ENGLISHWOMAN FROM VIENNA]

IT was hard to realise that the Vienna, which had endeared itself to me as a foreign city only can do to a housewife who in the course of years has built up her home there, had passed for ever. But with this realisation came the urgent desire to escape from what it has become. The process of escaping has taken me three weeks. With the fall of Vienna as a capital there set in an exodus of foreign residents and foreign concerns unable to operate under German economic and financial restrictions which has taxed the furniture removers to the utmost. First claim on their services had the departing diplomatic staffs. Then came the offices of the foreign correspondents, unable to work in a city deprived of legations and a free press. "*Gnaedige Frau*," murmured a swastika-badged official in the post office to me, as I paid my last telephone bill, "we never thought it would be like this. The telephone service is losing all its best customers—all the foreign concerns." The old official's disappointment strikes the keynote of what I heard amongst all my Austrian Nazi friends. One saw me off at the station yesterday with tears in her eyes. "I've been deceived by Hitler," she said with surprising *naiveté*. "For years I sold my jewellery for the party funds and sheltered boys doing conspiratorial work, even bomb-throwers, because they told me when the party came to power I need pay no taxes and my son would get a big Government job. He had a job for one week, when he was dismissed to make room for a Prussian. The party laughs at my claim to go tax-free and the bailiffs are distraining in my

REIMANN SCHOOL
PRINCIPAL AUSTIN COOPER

PROSPECTUS 4-10, REGENCY STREET, S.W.1 VIC. 3131

flat for tax arrears." A leading heavy industrialist with a large swastika in his buttonhole told me two nights ago, "But this is Bolshevism. I did not support the party secretly for years in order to lose all control over my own works and to become almost a prisoner in my native country. I can hardly sign a cheque now without the authority's permission." Even the workers are disappointed after their first joyride in Germany. The brother of a friend's cook has returned angry from a free tour of Germany. "The Nazis made us all come as we were in working clothes from bench and lathe," he said, "but when we reached Germany we found them holding us up to the German workers as examples of the ragged and starving proletariat of Austria. I can tell you, we soon put the German workers right about that, as they did us about many things."

The terror amongst the Austrian aristocracy, the middle-class supporters of their country's independence and the Jews has emptied shops and cafes. Only the dealers in textiles and the food shops do a roaring trade, among the German officers and officials. At my butcher's I saw a German having a dozen pounds of suet packed into his car to take back to Germany and the butcher's wife laughed to me, "These hungry Germans buy nearly half a pig at a time. We are making money enough—let's hope it's good money." In the cloth-dealer's one still has to take one's turn in a queue to be served. There is no sign of food shortage as yet, save for the disappearance of Schlagobers, Vienna's indispensable whipped cream.

Far from diminishing, the persecution of the Jews continues and will increase when the new regulations debarring them from many occupations are published. Yet the number of Jewish specialists imprisoned already causes a noticeable shortage of skilled practitioners of the medical profession. As I left the West station yesterday four groups of Jews were being forced to wash from the pavement, not of plebiscite propaganda painted by Schuschnigg's supporters, for the supply of that has long been exhausted, but of new emblems painted on by Storm Troopers the day before to "find work for the Jews." Three days ago as I left my house-agent's office with him, two of the dreaded black-uniformed S.S. guards stopped him on the stairs. "You are not pure Aryan?" they asked him. "No." "Then you must come with us to clean lavatories in our barracks." I refused to let the man go, showing my British passport and saying that I would go with them to the police to see their credentials. Thereupon they made off, saying, "We shall fetch him later." A surgeon who had to attend me for a sprain a few days ago showed me proudly the most valued and rarest doctor's certificate in Vienna to-day. It read: "This Jewish doctor is relieved from being pressed into cleaning squads." The special task for doctors is the cleaning of closet bowls in the S.S. barracks, for which non-Jewish supporters of Schuschnigg are also impressed. To the credit of the German Army be it said that they seem to detest this tyranny. Four days ago I saw a frail old Jew on hands and knees surrounded by a mocking crowd while three Storm Troopers made him scrub the pavement outside the Kranz Hotel, where many German staff officers are quartered. Two Reichswehr officers came up suddenly, kicked over the bucket, tore off the Storm-Troopers' armbands, while the old Jew made his escape. The quarter-Jewish errand-boy of my greengrocer told me how two German officers commandeered him to show them the sights in their car, evidently not knowing he was a Jew. Passing such a Jewish "cleaning squad" the officer said to the boy "That *schweinerei* will soon have to stop." Two days ago a lady of my acquaintance stopped me pale and agitated in the Kaerntnerstarsse. "Although I am obviously pregnant," she said, "those beasts wanted to force me to clean the pavements five minutes ago, and only the intervention of a German officer saved me. The Reichswehr seems to be the only hope of the Jews." It should not be imagined that the Nazis persecute only wealthy Jews. An English merchant told me how he was trying to keep from starvation and suicide a frail Jewish widow, a neighbour, whose only livelihood came from letting rooms, but had had her lodgers turned out and several non-paying Storm Troopers put in. After selling the last old suit of her late husband, she was faced with sheer starvation, but found no mercy from the Nazis, who carried off clothing and everything saleable from their quarters. But she was not allowed to dismiss her non-Jewish servant and was ordered to find her wages and food.

To move from Vienna, despite the assistance of a lawyer and dozens of friends, was a real ordeal. First the permits had to be fetched—British passport no help here—from three different authorities, to show the income tax was paid ahead to the next quarter, that the police had no objection and the Customs no complaints. I stood herded with scores of others for hours in a tiny office, which despite the crush of would be emigrants, opened only for two hours a day. At last came the packers to the flat, a police officer declared himself satisfied and the cases were nailed up. I could move at last. Next morning came the furniture van—but with it four swastika-badged officials for a fresh check up. Every case had to be opened again, every book examined for concealed banknotes or "political subversion." In a drawer in my desk was about 25 shillings worth of small coins for half a dozen countries. This was pounced on and confiscated. "Let me give it to the packers," I said. Impossible—I was an obvious smuggler and the money belonged to "the Party." From 7 a.m. till mid-day I had to stand by and watch this second search. It yielded a prize—an English-published parody of Struwelpeter—shock-headed Peter—with the familiar pictures but new poems, the first of which began:

"Look at Hitler where he stands
With his *nazi* hair and hands."

For this long-forgotten children's book I was threatened with the police, but finally it was agreed that destruction on the spot might meet the case. From a portable gramophone the turntable was removed in search of hidden banknotes or subversive literature! All this any Englishwoman must face in Vienna to-day: there is no redress.

The Viennese got some rueful fun out of the plebiscite; the Germans saw nothing funny in the broadcast announcement on the preceding Friday that the "victory celebrations" would take place on the Monday, but even Nazi Vienna retains a little sense of humour. Not one of my Viennese friends who voted could do so in privacy; in every case the Nazi officials said with superficial jocularity, "Just put your cross there for 'Ja.'" The chief delight of non-Nazi Viennese is to relate (in the most cautious whispers) tales of the disappointed Nazi job-hunters, who see all the plums falling to Reich Germans. I thought it would take the Austrian Nazis twelve months to realise how they had been duped: it has not taken four weeks.

THE MOVIES

"The Challenge," at the London Pavilion
"Owd Bob," at the Gaumont
"Der Spiegel," at the Berkeley
"The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," at the Odeon (from Monday)

NEITHER mountaineer nor dog-owner, I was nevertheless delighted by the first two of these films. They break clean away from the monotonous celluloid round, and so long as they stick to their proper subjects they remain first-class entertainment. *The Challenge* tells the story of the first ascent of the Matterhorn, and shows us the friendly rivalry of the Englishman Whymper and the Italian Carrel undermined by national and commercial interests; the part played by Carrel's personal ambition in his decision not to climb with Whymper is ignored. Whymper joins forces, against his better judgment, with three other Englishmen, one of them very inexperienced; they make the ascent from Zermatt on the same day as Carrel's party attempts the Italian side.

The Englishmen are the first to reach the summit; but during the descent the rope breaks and four are killed. Here the film makes its principal departure from fact: it was not Whymper, but one of the guides, who was suspected of having cut the rope. So much licence is perhaps permissible, though it might not seem so to a member of the great climber's family. But Carrel's subsequent hunt for the frayed rope-end appears the melodramatic invention it is; a better, perhaps even a more renumerative, film might have been made if our attention had been more firmly concentrated from the outset on the actual problems faced by the two parties in their race for the summit. Instead, a lot of time is wasted on the small humours of smuggling and the comic bustlings of hotel managers, not to mention a shy love-interest between Carrel and a hotel-keeper's daughter who has nothing to do, poor girl, but to stand around and look permanently apprehensive. All this makes a poor preparation for the splendid photography and dramatic tension of the scenes on the mountain-side. Something of the climber's determination and exhilaration is communicated to the audience, and at more than one moment a shock runs along our nerves as though the suddenly perceived danger were our own. The technical achievement of these scenes is notable, and there are excellent performances by Luis Trenker (co-director with Milton Rosmer of the Alpine scenes) who plays Carrel, by Robert Douglas as Whymper, and by Frank Birch and Moran Caplat as his English companions, who looked as though they had come straight from Barsetshire. The musical accompaniment might have been toned down with advantage, if not suppressed altogether. We do not want to listen to tuneful Corner House selections while our eyes contemplate these prodigious noble prospects; how much more dramatic the calls of the climbers and the scrape of their boots on the rock become when the sounds drop like pebbles into a great sea of silence.

Fortunately the sheep-dog trials in *Owd Bob* are conducted from first to last in complete silence, and their fascination is immense. The climax of each dog's task is to persuade five sheep to cross a thin wooden plank over a mountain stream; and so absorbing are the strategy and patience shown at this point by the collie, Owd Bob, and his Alsatian rival, Black Wull, that we even find ourselves beginning to notice the individual temperaments of the sheep. As an old Scottish misanthrope, Will Fyffe gives a performance of positively canine skill (no higher praise is possible in this film); the dales are finely photographed and their atmosphere well sustained by the actors. Even the inevitable love-interest would have seemed less perfunctory than usual but for the miscasting of Margaret Lockwood as the old ruffian's daughter: she had trouble with the accent, and her perm was too perfect. John Loder knows how to handle dogs, but it is the dogs themselves that are irresistible.

Der Spiegel is the last film to come out of the old Austria; indeed, its final shots are said to have been taken during the very hours when Hitler's forces were pouring over the frontier. I am glad they finished it, for it is full of the quiet good-humour and good sense of the Austrian people. Besides it is always delightful to see Paula Wessely: other screen charmers seem too glamorous for life, but her fascination shows no trace of studio manufacture; she is just like our very nicest friends, only nicer. Here she plays a medical student devoted heart and soul to her profession, but troubled by the fact that her father, a jeweller, is also a quack doctor: not a charlatan, but one of those persons gifted with natural powers of divination and healing against whom organised medicine naturally sets its face. The film holds a just balance between the two points of view, though Peter Petersen's gripping performance as the quack nearly inclines the scale over to his side. The lecture-room scene in which the subject is passionately argued by professors and students is as exciting as a good documentary. But the end provides a disappointing solution: the heroine brought to bed of a fine baby, and the opposing factions (husband and father) murmuring across the coverlet: "You know nothing, I know nothing, only Nature knows." All the minor parts are deliciously performed, and with such an absence of shouting and barking that I have seldom seen a German film whose dialogue is so easy to follow.

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer treats the American classic with more respect than the film-kings generally accord to English literature. Practically all the dialogue is Twain's own, and the opening scenes, particularly the whitewashing of Aunt Polly's fence, were fresh and gay. Not for nothing had Hollywood "viewed, tested and interviewed" 25,000 little boys; their choice, Tommy Kelly, is a capital little actor, full of high spirits and unselfconscious charm. Jackie Moran makes a good Huck Finn, but does not scowl enough; the part calls out for Mickie Rooney. After its brisk opening, however, the film slips into a desperately slow tempo, and Tom's flirtations, though they occur in the book, occupy far too much space, relatively, on the screen. Indeed, it takes all Master Kelly's vivacity to persuade us that Tom is not something of a milksop; but the expedition to the caves sends his stock up again, and with it our spirits. The picture is in Technicolor; which is to say that, except for a few of the colder tones, it looks as though it has been soused all over with hot golden syrup.

PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Joan Miró, at the Major Gallery
John Piper, at the London Gallery

Miró is a Catalan painter with surrealist tendencies. His decor for the ballet *Jeux d'Enfants* will be remembered for its charm, and the paintings at the Major Gallery show an extraordinary colour-sense. But the forms, except in so far as they decide the balance of the colour-scheme, seem very commonplace, and the drawing is empty. The result is a collection of pictures which are pleasantly decorative but painfully thin. M. Miró is probably a highly intelligent man, but when he paints he appears to shut off his intelligence and trust overmuch to that dullard, the

THE
BLUE FUNNEL LINE
CRUISES DOWN THE WESTERN ISLES
LONDON TO GLASGOW
VIA THE NORTH & WEST COASTS OF SCOTLAND
SIX DAYS
INCLUDING TWO DAYS IN HOLLAND
21 May 8 Oct. 7 Gns.
16 June 11 Aug. 14 July 8 Sept. 8 Gns.
INCLUSIVE TOUR TO CAIRO
26 Days — £42
SAILINGS 11 JUNE, 9 JULY, 6 AUG.
For Full Particulars apply:
8 Billiter Square, 101 Leadenhall Street } LONDON, E.C.3
69 & 80 Buchanan Street, GLASGOW
Ocean House, Alfred Gelder Street, HULL
1 Oxford Street, SOUTHAMPTON
ALFRED HOLT & Co LIVERPOOL

unconscious. Consequently his pictures convey little emotion to the spectator, though for M. Miró himself they are doubtless packed with meaning. He could, however, be a brilliant decorator if he chose to make thoughtful use of his dazzling and individual feeling for colour. Mr. John Piper is probably less gifted than M. Miró, but the evident intervention of the intellect in his works makes them much more acceptable. His oil-paintings are all abstract, and though there is no *a priori* objection to abstract painting, the more we see of it the more convinced we become that it is a method of painting that suits very few masters, and those not all the time. (It may perhaps be compared with the fugue in music.) Picasso can give extraordinary life to rectangles —most other painters can make of them only a tasteful *objet d'art*. Mr. Piper has a sharp and witty vision, as you can tell from the *collages* in this show. He is also an excellent craftsman, with agile fingers and exquisite taste. We take him to be the best practitioner of abstract art in England, and yet we wonder whether he is not unduly cribbed and cabined by his preoccupation with abstract form. Is there not a touch both of preciosity and puritanism in this retreat from phenomena? Even in the landscapes Mr. Piper seems more interested in what he can do with odd materials—and he can do a lot—than in conveying an emotion. Altogether this exhibition confirms our belief in the artist's skill, intellect and integrity, but leaves one wishing he would plant himself for once in front of a really attractive model, and get a kick out of her, as Renoir did, or Rubens.

A Century of French Drawings, at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142 New Bond Street

The size and variety of this exhibition make any detailed criticism impracticable. One can only recommend vehemently a visit to this new gallery, where there are over one hundred and sixty drawings, most of them very swagger ones. The artists represented are Barye, Boudin, Carpeaux, Mary Cassatt, Cézanne, Chassériau, Corot, Courbet, Daubigny, Daumier, Degas, Delacroix, Gauguin, Gavarni, Géricault, van Gogh, Granet (the friend of Ingres), Gros, Guys, Ingres, Isabey, Jongkind, Lami, Lautrec, Manet, Millet, Monet, Berthe, Morisot, Picasso, Pissarro, Prud'hon, Puvis de Chavannes, Rafaelli, Redon, Renoir, Seurat, Signac, Steinlen, Tissot (!), and Vuillard. The Picassos all belong to his earliest, most easily acceptable, style (one trusts that this is not significant of the future policy of the gallery); the Puvis drawings are exceedingly, but not surprisingly, feeble; the exhibition as a whole is magnificent.

"You Never Can Tell," at the Westminster

You Never Can Tell reappears brilliantly. It would be inexact to say that this play wears well—nothing about it suggests endurance, or hard usage, or exposure to nearly four decades of weather. It has a dancing virtuosity of its own, and is no more off the mark now than it ever can have been. Mrs. Clandon and Gloria continue to represent, in their own ways, two true types of sexual fakes and bores, and Valentine shows the mark of his period only, agreeably, by his unfaltering dash. It is true that a few of the remarks (that are now no more than wisecracks, and how sterilised those are) may be felt to ring a sort of unheard bell: one feels present a ghostly scandalisation that belongs to the play's own period. In fact, inside *You Never Can Tell's* perennial, supple and exuberant form one can feel moving the skeleton of the once "advanced" play. That it should succeed in getting across so freshly, and at the same time convey a sense of double existence, of being played simultaneously in two different times, each with its peculiar reverberation, is the mark of the play's theatrical excellence—as well as of its human validity. This does not attempt to be one of those ringing plays, made to endure for all time—but also, it is too abstract, not mannered enough, to be a period piece. The dramatist of his day (of any day) has got to be more than half seduced by fashion. The free-lance has a much vaguer and longer, though not inexhaustible, day, and cannot be so certain of resurrection when a period rolls round into fashion again—the plays, for instance, of Mr. Coward are more likely to be exhumed and replayed as a high-class joke a hundred and fifty years hence than the plays of Mr. Shaw. As a writer of comedy he is far too *superior*, in a sense in which Sheridan was not superior. He is the very spirit of an intellectual mode which is almost bound to decline, but has not declined yet. At present, he cashes in on that tendency of the theatre's (on which he was the first to comment) to lag behind the normal intelligence, to state effectively what is already known. Meanwhile, *You Never Can Tell* provides a first-rate evening. Mr. Anmer Hall's company once more deserves credit. One aspect of Mr. Shaw's genius as a playwright is that the actors are given full personal play: inside the stage directions and the dialogue they are left all the means to give their parts a delightful physical actuality. The articulateness of a Shaw character never appears unnatural on the stage: charm and bloom save the people from being walking tracts. Outstandingly, Mr. John Wyse, as Valentine, and Miss Alexis France, as Dolly, take full advantage of this. Miss Gillian Scaife's Mrs. Clandon is a competent and smiling piece of work; Miss Lydia Sherwood's Gloria has the correct touch of the self-conscious pussy cat. Mr. Mark Dignam uses his ghost's voice as Bohun, Q.C., with the usual distinction. William the Waiter, a whimsical old person, represents that rather unhappy tract where Shaw overlaps on Barrie: Mr. Stanley Lathbury does his best with him. The production is, generally, competent—this cannot be called a producer's play—not marred by pernicious ingeniousness. The sets are effective and good—especially the set for Act III and IV—the Clandons' private sitting-room at the Marine Hotel.

"Bury the Dead," at the Unity Theatre

The writer of an anti-war play has a great responsibility for there is no theme to-day more urgent than his. Neither as propaganda, however, nor as a work of art is this piece by a young American very considerable. Six dead soldiers rise from their grave in the midst of battle, and refuse to be buried again, in spite of the command of staff officers, the prayers of the Church, and the entreaty of womenfolk. The men have been cheated of life, and must protest, however disturbing their protest to patriots at home and in the field. Good, but to make his parable tell the dramatist needs to show that the death of the soldiers is truly a waste, to ask with indignation "Is this what you were born for?" In six sentimental and repetitive scenes, however, the dead complain to wife or sweetheart about being dead, rather like schoolboys angry to be indoors when others are at play, and the women express dismay in terms as well suited to the victims of a railway accident. The core of the play, in fact, is less a protest against war as evil and degrading than a trivial statement that the physical condition of being alive is nicer than that of being a corpse. Yet there are effective touches of irony in the dialogue, and the producer, Andre van Gyseghem, brings out the *macabre* quality of the "situation."

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, May 14th—
- Opening of Hampstead Spain Shop and Exhibition by Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies, 151 Haverstock Hill, 3.

SUNDAY, May 15th—
- Gilbert McAllister on "Ethics of Town Planning," Conway Hall, 11.
- Prof. L. S. Stebbing on "The Mysterious Universe of the Scientists," 153 Finchley Road, 6.15.

MONDAY, May 16th—
- London Scots Self-Government Committee Supper. Speakers include Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, M.P., and Rt. Hon. Tom Johnston, M.P., 436 Strand, 7.30.
- Prof. G. E. Catlin on "Germany and the Colonial Problem," Methodist Church Hall, Half Moon Lane, S.E.24, 8.
- S.P.G.B. Meeting, Subject: "Social Reform or Social Revolution," 39 Doughty Street, 8.30.
- Handel's "Belshazzar," produced as an opera, Scala Theatre.

TUESDAY, May 17th—
- Conference on "Relation of Economic Nationalism to Peace and War," Y.W.C.A., Gt. Russell Street, 11–1 and 2.15–4.30.
- Prof. Frank H. Knight on "Free Enterprise *versus* Collectivism," London School of Economics, 5. And on 18th, 19th and 20th.
- Debate: "Why Non-Intervention?" G. T. Garratt *v.* Councillor Donovan, Avenue Road Congregational Church Hall, N.W.3, 8.
- "Amphitryon 38," Lyric.

WEDNESDAY, May 18th—
- Socialist Christian League Meeting. Speakers include: Mr. C. Attlee, Prof. John MacMurray and the Earl of Listowel, Whitefields Central Mission, 8.
- Meeting in aid of Spain, Hampstead Town Hall, 8.

THURSDAY, May 19th—
- Dance, with Star Cabaret, in aid of China, Princes Galleries, Piccadilly, 9-2. Tickets: Single, 7*s.* 6*d.*, Double 12*s.* 6*d.*
- "Happy Returns," Adelphi.

FRIDAY, May 20th—
- Dr. Camps (Barcelona University) on "Education in the New Spain," 151 Haverstock Hill, 6.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

PEOPLE are easily and often annoyed with artists, and any incident in which an artist is supposed to have "made a fool of himself" by taking himself seriously in public, is always popular. The reason for the dislike is obvious. Although most men do not wish to stay where they are materially, and so welcome the innovations of scientists and politicians who offer two blades for one, almost all men want to stay where they are emotionally. They want to go on thinking of the world as the same sort of place as it was when they first saw it. Works of art make them see one new world after another, against their will. Or they change the aspect of things completely for their children, who become spiritual changelings. The note of fear can be detected in comic forms at picture shows: fear lest on leaving the building the sky will be seen to be green and the grass blue. People are afraid of "being made to see things like that" by the magic of the artist, and so take opportunities of revenging themselves on him. Artists are of all temperaments, and aware of the general hostility they adopt different methods of dealing with it. Some are swashbucklers, a few rebel outlaws, most of them try to propitiate and ingratiate themselves. Courage is a rare quality in lonely people, and for one Cézanne, or Blake, or Doughty, there are hundreds of timid artists, frightened of the cruelty of life and anxious to buy kindness by inventing all sorts of little tricks which will raise a laugh. It is wrong to think of the typical artist as an heroic revolutionary figure, "Mars by day, Apollo by night—bang the fieldpiece, twang the lyre." Against the romantic figure of Mr. Jingle must be set that of the Court fool, the buffoon.

* * *

Nonsense is a form of propitiation and, as we might expect, Edward Lear was one of the most timid of artists. His case is very remarkable, as he expressed very little of himself in what he considered his important work: the thousands of water-colour sketches, and the big bad oil-paintings by which he made his living. He would have been frightened of trying to put himself into one of his serious pictures and, technically, would have had no notion of how to set about it. Thus his real medium of artistic expression, into which he put his characteristic poetry and melancholy, grew out of a propitiatory gesture first employed as a shield against unkindness. Mr. Angus Davidson has written a most excellent, amusing, witty, and altogether charming biography, *Edward Lear, Landscape Painter and Nonsense Poet* (Murray, 15*s*.), which I recommend to everyone who has ever cared for the *Owl and the Pussycat* (the reader will meet their children in this book), or who has had the passing thought of "How pleasant to know Mr. Lear . . ." It is now possible to know him and, of course, it is pleasant to know those we love—but it is also painful, for Lear was an unhappy creature.

> It was characteristic of him to introduce nonsense words and spelling into his letters as a sort of apology for what might seem too bold, or, sometimes, too sententious, or too outspoken—a bridge between, on the one hand, his love of frankness, and on the other his easily embarrassed sensitiveness. Terrified of being thought presumptuous or pushing, he found in this nonsense-language a kind of cloak for self-consciousness.

He had a devotion to Tennyson and an adoration for his wife. They were almost his most intimate friends—but he wrote:

> Do you think there is a Pharmouse or a Nin somewhere near you . . . so that I could come and see you and Mrs. Tennyson promiscuously?

* * *

He was one of the youngest of the twenty-one children of a wealthy stockbroker, whose twelve carriages crawled slowly up, or careered wildly down Highgate Hill. Among their friends was the family of the *other* Mr. Jeremiah Lear, whose friendship Lear's father had sought after noticing the name on a brass plate. Unfortunately the stockbroking Mr. Lear was ruined and lodged in the King's Bench Prison, and after, in Mr. Davidson's words, "Mrs. Lear moved her sorrowing and crestfallen family into London" and they were rapidly dispersed, never to be reunited. Mrs. Lear devoted her energies to taking her husband his dinner, but several of the girls succumbed. These happenings must naturally have made a profound shock on a sensitive child, who had already begun to suffer from the "Terrible Demon," as he called epileptic fits, from which he suffered all his life. His eldest sister Ann, "who had been saved from the dreary fate of her sisters" by having a small income of her own, took charge of Edward and brought him up, and educated him herself. He spent his time doing careful drawings of butterflies and flowers, which led to his first great opportunity: he was commissioned to draw the parrots in the Zoo, and was followed by a commission from Lord Derby, who kept a private menagerie at Knowsley. The Earl was accustomed to enjoy the society of his grandchildren for an hour after dinner; but they scampered off, and told him that the young artist in the steward's room was more amusing company than he was, so next day he invited him in to dinner. In this way Lear was launched on the fashionable world. At Knowsley he made many friends among the aristocracy, who remained his faithful patrons throughout his life, although the friendship entailed buying a vast number of not very good paintings which they cannot always have known what to do with.

* * *

It would be quite wrong to give a picture of Lear as a timid dependant going the round of one big country house after another. Though he was a timid man, in some ways Lear was indomitable. He travelled everywhere, braving the utmost dangers and discomforts for the sake of carrying on his profession of a "topographical landscape painter." Italy, Corsica, Constantinople, Greece, Egypt, India: hundreds of water-colours. That was his life's work. Oil paint was always a misery to him. When he had accumulated enough, he had to arrange a show, or publish an illustrated volume of views. He inhabited Rome, Cannes, San Remo, where there were fashionable English people who could be persuaded to buy his pictures. He acquired a most devoted servant Giorgio, "an old man of Corfu," who followed him to India and rode behind him on an elephant—and after he settled at San Remo he acquired Foss, who lived to the great age of seventeen and served him faithfully by keeping the birds from making their nests in his beard. He made many friends: Lushington, whose nature was incapable of the unreserved intimacy for which Lear longed, and whose companionship caused almost as much pain as happiness; Chichester Fortescue, the Tennysons; Lady Somers, who had insisted on staying at Mount Athos in spite of the "mucilaginous monx." Twice, as an elderly man, he contemplated matrimony, but it is probable that the thought of his epilepsy held him back. He was melancholy, conscious of failure as a painter, and very lonely. The more melancholy he became, the more nonsense crept into his letters . . . and with increasing age, nonsense became not a propitiation, but the medium in which, at last, he could perfectly express himself. There were always children who found him an enchantment. One of them in India gave him delightful surprise by saying after he had drawn an owl, "Please draw a pussycat too; because you know they went to sea in a boat." Mr. Davidson says that Lear was influenced by Tennyson, but did not burlesque him. I think unconsciously he was parodying his hero. An essay on the originals of Lear's nonsense songs should be written in the manner of *The Road to Xanadu* "Far and Few, far and few . . ." is I think O'Shaughnessy. Mr. Davidson says Lear might have been parodying the Surrealists in anticipation in Mrs. Jaypher:

> She paddled down the stream
> Shouting: "Ice produces cream
> Beer when churned produces butter!"

DAVID GARNETT

SUICIDE

Suicide. By HENRY ROMILLY FEDDEN. *Peter Davies.* 12s. 6d.

The researches of Continental sociologists, especially Bayet, Durkheim and Halbwachs, have provided a mass of fascinating material for the study of suicide. Mr. Fedden is the first English writer to take advantage of their researches; and he not only presents their conclusions in a succinct and attractive form, but adds a quantity of information collected from his wide reading. His style is polished, his comments invariably sensible, and his book can be very strongly recommended to the general reader as well as to the student of comparative morals.

When I was busy myself with a study of suicide, acquaintances to whom I spoke of it would look at me with vague alarm. "Isn't that very morbid?" they would enquire, apparently expecting me at any moment to divert the knife I was using from the roast beef to my own throat. Suicide, like the more eccentric manifestations of sex, I discovered to be an improper subject; and I was tempted to conclude from this repression that the profound impulse to self-destruction was far commoner than was usually supposed. Mr. Fedden writes:

> It is certain that its horror, its miserable and unpleasant side, have been distorted and given unnatural prominence. A popular and primitive taboo revulsion, aided to-day by a popular and sensational press, have helped to bring this about. Suicide has become unsavoury in a way that would have been incomprehensible to the Romans.

The greater part of his book is devoted to the varying attitudes to suicide in the past, and the reasons offered in approval or condemnation of the practice. In certain societies suicide has been obligatory for particular classes of persons: the suttee of the Hindu widow is the best-known example, but among some backward peoples the aged and infirm are similarly expected to destroy themselves, and even to-day opinion strongly supports the captain who refuses to leave a sinking ship or the commander of a fortress who prefers death to surrender. Such "institutional" suicide is entirely different from the personal suicide. "This most individualistic of all actions disturbs society profoundly. Seeing a man who appears not to care for the things it prizes, society is compelled to question all it has thought desirable." Consequently, Governments have tended to condemn suicide, while the uneducated regard it with superstitious alarm. Philosophers have been less united in their disapproval. Plato allowed suicide in certain circumstances, but held that, man being God's chattel, self-destruction was a mutilation of divine property. Aristotle regarded it as an offence against the State. The Neo-Platonists deplored it as a sign of undesirable perturbation. But the Stoics, Epicureans and Cynics vehemently praised the "reasonable" suicide, and so set the high Roman fashion. Here is Epictetus:

> Above all, remember that the door is open. Be not more timid than boys at play. As they, when they cease to take pleasure in their games, declare they will no longer play, so do you, when all things begin to pull against you, retire.

And here is Seneca:

> If I know that I must suffer without hope of relief, I will depart, not through fear of pain itself, but because it prevents all for which I would live. . . .
>
> As I choose the ship in which I sail, and the house I will inhabit, so I will choose the death by which I leave life. . . . In no matter more than in death should we act according to our own desire.

The spread of Christianity brought with it a reversion to a more primitive attitude to the subject. The Scriptures, it is true, contained no condemnation of suicide, and during the Persecutions eagerness for martyrdom often amounted to wilful self-destruction. Tertullian was enthusiastic in his praise of the gratuitous martyr, and even suggested that the Saviour on the Cross had died voluntarily before natural causes had their way with Him. But with Augustine the condemnation of suicide imposed itself as orthodox. (Probably he was influenced by his hatred for the Donatists, who had a passion for killing themselves.) It was decided that Samson in the Old Testament, and the Saints Sophronia and Domnina, who had killed themselves rather than submit to rape, had acted under a special divine revelation, and were in no circumstances to be imitated. Henceforth the rigour of the Church to the suicide was extreme, and translated itself into law. Not only was his corpse treated with every manner of indignity, but his property was confiscated.

The reasons given by St. Thomas Aquinas for the Church's condemnation of suicide are rather unconvincing to the mere rationalist. He restates the argument of Plato and Aristotle, and adds that man bears an instinctive charity towards himself, so that it is unnatural for him to do himself harm. But evidently a man who bites himself to avoid intolerable and incurable pain does not believe he is doing himself harm. And the scholastic conception of "Nature" is in any case difficult to accept.

> The term *unnatural* itself represents no real or constant value. In practice it is impossible to define logically, unless one accepts Thomas Huxley's definition of the natural, which will include suicide. He says: "Nature means neither more nor less than that which is: the sum of phenomena presented to our experience; the totality of events, past, present, and to come." Usually, however, the term *unnatural* as used in argument does not even attempt to approach logicality. On inspection it often turns out to mean "unusual," or merely "something I don't like." It has been applied at various times to smoking, the steam-engine, vaccination and anaesthetics.

Since the Middle Ages no effective new arguments against suicide have been invented. There are cases, of course (but they are very rare) in which a man can justly be accused of running away from his duties to his family, but there is only one argument against suicide which admits of no answer, and that is that the Church in her infinite wisdom has condemned it as the most deadly of sins. The extent of ecclesiastical abhorrence for this offence may indeed surprise many. Casuists have decided that if you are shipwrecked there is no sin in allowing others to take their place before you upon a raft; but that once on the raft, it would be sinful for you to give your place on it to another, if this entailed certain death for yourself. It is licit, on the other hand, for an ill man to let himself die rather than undertake a cure that entails great expense, such as leaving his home for a foreign country. In judging such decisions it must be remembered that the suicide has less opportunity to repent than the murderer. But it is a little surprising to learn on such high moral authority that to lay down your life for a friend is a sin, but that to do so to save your purse is permissible.

The Protestant sects continued the Catholic tradition, the law continued accordingly to punish self-murder, and as lately as 1823 a suicide was buried at the cross-roads in London (at the intersection of Grosvenor Place and King's Road). But the Renaissance began a reaction to classical views on suicide which has continued. Erasmus and Blessed Thomas More were

"What shall it profit a firm if . . ."

THE BIG FIRM

by AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

"A particularly fascinating theme . . . Her whole book is a stimulating discussion in the form of a novel and not less entertaining as a novel because it is concerned with ideas as well as with human character." —*Sylvia Lynd*

"Recommended reading for intelligent people."—*Phyllis Bentley*

8s. 6d. *net*

COLLINS

FURTHER LETTERS OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

Edited by
Claude Colleer Abbott
Illustrated **16/- net**

". . The collection which Professor Abbott now offers has the quality of a supplement; it is not indispensable, for the essential Hopkins has been already seen; yet no one who knows the earlier volumes will care to miss the later one. . ."
The Observer

THE BONES OF MY HAND

By EDWARD JAMES
10/6 net

". . *Whether in handling of myth, or in his translation of his own experiences into something rare and strange, he crystallizes a lyrical impulse into verse that, at its best, has a certain diamond hardness. . .*"
Times Literary Supplement

". . *There are passages in the Io poem which could not have been better done by Keats. . .*" Aberdeen Press

ON THE POETRY OF POPE

By G. Tillotson
7/6 net

". . We have here a real contribution not only towards a more accurate interpretation of Pope . . but also towards a fuller understanding of eighteenth century poetry in general. . ."
Notes and Queries

THE VERONA RHYME SHEETS

A new experiment in Broadsheet publication
SERIES I

Poems by GEOFFREY SCOTT, GEORGE BARKER, FREDERICK JOHNSTON, and adaptations from the Greek and the Chinese.

Decorations by FRANS MASEREEL, ARISTIDE MAILLOL, G. DE CHIRICO, RAOUL DUFY, G. G. BOEHMER, and KARL WALSER

in a portfolio
3/6 net

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

In a Valley of this Restless Mind

by MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE
author of "Winter in Moscow," etc.

In which a modern pilgrim approaches many shrines only to find them sepulchres. His disillusionment is revealed in a series of vivid and often satirical scenes. 7s. 6d. net

War and Democracy

ESSAYS ON THE CAUSES AND PREVENTION OF WAR.

GEORGE CATLIN, E. F. M. DURBIN (Editors) J. M. BOWLBY, R. H. S. CROSSMAN, ROBERT FRASER, DOUGLAS JAY, IVOR THOMAS.

A symposium in which a group of Socialists, all active members of the Labour Party, have approached the problem of war causation from the psychological, anthropological, historical and economic angles. "The writers have risen to the real magnitude of their theme; and the inquiry into the causes of war is conducted with a proper regard for scientific truth." — *The Times*.
10s. 6d. net

World Finance 1937 - 1938

by PAUL EINZIG *author of "Monetary Reform in Theory and Practice."*

The author treats his subject in the same way as he did in "World Finance since 1914" and "World Finance 1935-7," laying stress on the close connection between financial and political developments. The past year has furnished much material in illustration; a gold scare, a franc crisis, a dollar scare, a flight to gold, a Wall Street slump and other dramatic developments in Spain and the Far East. 12s. 6d. net

The English Nursery School

by PHOEBE E. CUSDEN *Sometime Organising Secretary of the Nursery School Association of Great Britain.* A comprehensive and standard survey by an experienced administrator. Miss Grace Owen, O.B.E., *Hon. Advisor to the Nursery School Association* writes: "The book is a veritable encyclopedia of the subject. It displays the author's gift of marshalling facts and reports, and it will be especially valuable from this point of view."

Charts, Plans, Photographs. 10s. 6d. net

ROUTLEDGE KEGAN PAUL

both indulgent to suicide. Donne wrote a pamphlet in its defence, and Hume made a powerful summary of the arguments in its favour. Shakespeare, Racine and even the respectable Addison glorified suicide in their dramas, and educated public opinion followed suit. In 1791 suicide ceased to be a criminal offence in France, and forfeiture of the suicide's property in England was abolished in 1870. Here self-destruction remains still a felony, however, and attempts at suicide are still occasionally punished with imprisonment.

Mr. Fedden points out that the present disapproval of suicide is partly due to theories of heredity: the shares of the family are forced down on the marriage market. But in his discussion of motives he justly insists on the desire for revenge that lies behind many suicides. "They'll be sorry then," the neurotic says; and it has been held by psycho-analysts that no one kills himself who has not wished for the death of another. Just as members of backward tribes, and the modern Japanese, kill themselves in vengeance, the modern neurotic seeks to punish the uncomprehending parent, wife or child.

One of the few statements in Mr. Fedden's book with which I disagree is that "the suicide of reason is always considered rarer than it is." Looking at the miserable estate of so many, the variety of disappointments and distresses which are the common lot of man, I am amazed not at the commonness of suicide, but at its rarity. Incurable disease, for instance, is a rare motive, probably because the "reasonable" suicide demands a strong will, and illness saps the will before it affects the instinct to continue living.

My only serious criticism of Mr. Fedden's book is that he has been too cursory in examining the statistics of suicide. The differences in the suicide-rate between different countries are large, and inexplicable. Why, for instance, has Saxony been, for sixty years, the most suicidal country in Europe? Why should two Hungarian towns show the highest recorded rates? Why should San Francisco be so much more suicidal than New York? Why are Northamptonshire and Westmorland the most suicidal English counties? The most interesting statistics are those revealing the influence upon suicide of war. During the last war the suicide-rate fell from 30 to 50 per cent. not only in belligerent but also in neutral states. The figures we have apply of course only to the civil population—how many soldiers deliberately sought death it is impossible to guess. The decrease in suicide was much more marked among women and elderly men than among men of military age. Altogether the figures support the notion that the war brought more pleasure than pain to the majority of the population.

I cannot imagine any educated person finding Mr. Fedden's book uninteresting. It is written in an urbane style, it is packed with curious information, and it is the only authoritative English book on a most important subject. RAYMOND MORTIMER

Sex in Everyday Life

by EDWARD F. GRIFFITH, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

with an Introduction by SIR WALTER LANGDON-BROWN, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.C.P.

This book dealing with the subject of sex contains a complete summary of all the latest scientific information, together with a discussion on various controversial subjects such as the problem of abortion, the meaning and nature of the sex instincts and the rightful place of contraception in the life of the community.

"The sex aspect of life is a most important one, and Dr. Griffith has given us a most illuminating account of it in the volume before me. . . . It is full of sound teaching and commonsense."—*Medical Times.*

"Dr. Griffith has written in this volume a book which is badly needed both by the medical profession and by the intelligent general public."—*Times Literary Supplement.*

10s. 6d. net

GEORGE ALLEN AND UNWIN

AFTER IMPERIALISM—WHAT?

The Crumbling of Empire: The Disintegration of World Economy. By M. J. BONN. *Allen and Unwin.* 15s.

When Japan launched her Manchurian adventure she seemed to let loose a whole series of piracies which have terrorised the world ever since. And Hitler assures us that is only the beginning, that we shall hear much more during the next few years about colonies; Schacht says they are the matters of life and death for Germany, and Goebbels the other day declared, apropos of Austria, that "the rare moment has come for the world to be apportioned anew." The propaganda guns boom loudly in the jungle, sending forth noises that start the tribes to frenzied war-dancing. Among the noises we catch such words as "empire," "expansion," "elbow room," "strangulation," "space," "surplus population," "ownership of colonies". . . . What do the words mean?

It may well be they produce frenzy just because the meaning attached to them is so vague. What *does* Schacht mean, for instance, when he talks of the return of colonies as being a life and death matter for Germany when, as Dr. Bonn shows in this book—as half a score other competent economists who have dealt with this matter have shown—the economic, as distinct from the psychological, importance of the colonies is negligible. And what meaning attaches in the minds, not only of foreigners, but of British folk, to such words as "British Empire"?

Just before the Boer War it was common to hear Englishmen descanting on the importance to "us" of possessing territory that contained a large part of the world's gold supply. And foreigners were quite sure we were "after the gold mines." It was quite useless to point out that if the tendencies already then revealed in colonial development had any meaning at all, the territory and its resources would in a few years pass out of the control of the British Government. The statement simply did not "bite." "We own Australia, don't we?" A year or so ago an American organisation created to disseminate correct information in international affairs published a map indicating the distribution of raw materials throughout the world. The mineral resources of Canada, Australia, South Africa are marked as "belonging to," being under the control of, Great Britain, the British Government that is. Within a few months of the appearance of that publication, which is probably still accepted in America as authoritative and unquestioned, an address was delivered by Professor Fieldhouse, a Canadian, in Winnipeg, in which, discussing the relations of the Dominions to British policy, occurs the following statement:

> Dominion nationalism must inevitably make a common Commonwealth foreign policy impossible. . . . For the execution of her policies Britain can rely upon her own resources only, and not upon those of the Dominions.

We are dealing here with questions of simple and elementary fact: Is it, or is it not, true that Great Britain controls, whether for peace or for war purposes, the mineral resources of Canada, or the other Dominions? If not true, why are such statements made by responsible authorities? Broadly because, in using words like "empire" and "imperialism," we do not sufficiently note that the facts no longer correspond to the original meaning of those words. Our attention is diverted and our thought distorted by the hypnotism of old words and the weight of old symbols.

Dr. Bonn sets out in this book to give some precision to such words as "imperialism," analysing the various types of imperialism and the various types of colonies and of colonisation; inquires into the real value of colonies (which, like every other competent authority, he deems to be grossly overrated); inquires how far any real economic equality of nations could be established by the reshuffling of colonial possessions, and decides that no such reshuffling could possibly produce the self-sufficiency which the Totalitarian States seek, or anything near it; and decides that

Recommended by the Book Society

THERE IS NO RETURN

By Philip Jordan

"Mr. Jordan is a passionate traveller who has gone up and down the world with eyes to see and a heart to feel."
THE OBSERVER

"Mr. Jordan writes likes an angel."
HUMBERT WOLFE

"It's vivid and exciting and aching with life."
STORM JAMESON

"A fine story."
H. M. TOMLINSON, NEWS-CHRONICLE

"His work has taken him into the presence of the great and the obscure; taken him too into the presence of sudden death in its most dramatic form." SUNDAY TIMES

8/6 net

H. G. WELLS
THE ANATOMY OF FRUSTATION
NOW **2/6** NET

THE SINGLE HOUND

By May Sarton

"It is emphatically recommended to those who like to be in at the birth of a new reputation." HUMBERT WOLFE

"Her imagination leads the reader into a gracious sunlit world."
TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

7/6 net

THE CRESSET PRESS

The Book of the Hour

FAREWELL AUSTRIA

'a remarkable book.'—*Times Literary Supplement.*
'an historic document.'—*News Chronicle.* 10/6 *net*

'Schuschnigg's Testament'

—*Scrutator (Sunday Times).*

Humbert Wolfe's

second volume of his autobiography, the witty and wise story of his Oxford days

THE UPWARD ANGUISH

'told with delightful wit and good humour.'
—*Times Literary Supplement.*

'I have been greatly moved by this book.'
10/6 *net* *A. G. Macdonell (Observer).*

Stefan Zweig's

richly interesting biography of the brave pioneer whose ship was the first to sail round the world

MAGELLAN

'**a grand and moving book,** an extraordinarily complete and clear account of Magellan's achievement . . . full and vigorous . . . told with undiminishing zest.'—*Scotsman.* Illustrated. 12/6 *net*

★ **A Popular Edition, Fully Revised and Illustrated, of that great work by**

H. G. WELLS

Julian Huxley • G. P. Wells

The Science of Life

The vital facts of life. A panorama of the whole spectacle of animated being. **1,600 pages. 10/6 net**

The Observer says:
'In fiction Louis Bromfield's **The Rains Came** is still first favourite . . . people are also reading **Count Belisarius** by Robert Graves.'
Both Book Society Choices.

CASSELL

nothing short of "large scale territorial rearrangements of the map of the world—not merely of colonial possessions"—would come anywhere near doing it; that a return to Free Trade, unhampered international intercourse, would be the ideal solution, but is impossible, because the autarchy of Totalitarian States is "not a mere policy but a fanatic creed based on the concept of the national state as a living physical organism." Finally, he thinks the issue is as between conquest and voluntary federation, proceeding by groups.

One of the author's main theses is that the age of colonisation is over and the age of "counter-colonisation," the crumbling of empires, of empire breaking, has set in. For Germany, Italy and Japan the control of dependencies is a symbol, he says, not the economic substance at all. (Incidentally he makes the point that China is much more a Have-not country than Japan.) Towards the close of the book, however, he seems to see the possibility of a new era of empire building. On page 422 he writes:

> The world is faced by a very simple issue: Can the territorial discrepancies between various states be equalised by economic co-operation and, ultimately, by some sort of Federation, at first only between contiguous groups with a common background? Or is a new period of violent territorial redistribution beginning, in which old empires will be broken, whilst new empires will be formed on their ruins?

Some of Dr. Bonn's most entertaining pages are those in which he challenges certain of the Marxian assumptions. He rejects Lenin's definition of imperialism as "the monopoly stage of capitalism," pointing out that some of the greatest colonial empires were conquered in pre-capitalist days; that, for instance, while Tsarist Russia was most certainly imperialist, her capitalism had not reached the monopoly stage. The author deems Siellière's diagnosis of the driving force of imperialism as "desire or lust of power" too wide, but thinks it furnishes "a better demarcation of imperialist policies than the attempt to limit imperialism to the capitalist age." Marxists won't like one of Dr. Bonn's conclusions, but they would do well to study it. Here it is:

> Imperialism does not constitute the last stage in capitalist development; it is much older than capitalism in most countries and will probably outlive it. Its place in the capitalist structure is mainly due to the survival of feudal and militarist groups in capitalist societies who cling to their old traditions. Any national or social system in need of territorial or economic aggrandisement becomes imperialist when it resorts to military or semi-military coercion against its neighbours. There is no reason whatever why a communist state placed in such a situation should refrain from doing it. . . Imperialist methods might fall into disuse in a world federation of communist states; they might equally well be dispensed with in a world federation of capitalist states.

That view is increasingly shared by objective students of the subject and is implicit in the work of such authorities as Parker T. Moon, Grover Clark and Staley.

Dr. Bonn's work is objective and important, and particularly should those who differ from the conclusions just indicated study it.

NORMAN ANGELL

THE
MODERN QUARTERLY
APRIL ISSUE

V. Gordon Childe. The Oriental Background of European Science.

L. Susan Stebbing. The Creed of a Dialectical Materialist.

J. B. S. Haldane. Blood Royal. A Study of Hæmophilia in the Royal Families of Europe.

Paul Dienes. On the Crisis in Mathematics.

Roy Pascal. Property and Society. The Scottish Historical School of the XVIII Century.

John Maynard. Two of the Early Intelligentsia.

Alexander Henderson. The Function of Literature Under National-Socialism.

Etc., Etc.

Two Shillings and Sixpence

Order from your Bookseller or direct from
2 PARTON STREET, W.C.1

MORE HOPKINS LETTERS

Further Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Edited by CLAUDE COLLEER ABBOTT. *Oxford University Press.* 16*s.*

The previously published volumes of Hopkins letters—addressed to Bridges and Canon Dixon—have already found a public; not a very large public perhaps, but one considerably wider than the lovers of his poetry. They are, I think, the best letters written by an English poet since Keats. The two might be read together, for they represent perfectly two phases of poetry. Keats's is the "simple, sensuous and passionate" tradition of Milton; in Hopkins, hardly less sensuous by nature, we find a lyrical realism and nervous intellectual passion for which there is no earlier definition. Hopkins, one might say, stifled the Keats in himself; had he not done so he would have been, as Mr. MacCarthy I believe has described him, a Pre-Raphaelite. The differences between the two poets are defined in many passages in their letters and especially in the role assigned by each to character in writing poetry. According to Keats the poet identifies himself with what he is writing about and so, as a poet, has no character but becomes "a cypher who can write." This is the meaning of his "O for a life of sensations rather than thoughts," further defined in the phrase "negative capability." Such an attitude was abhorrent to Hopkins, for whom beauty of character, "the handsome heart," came first. "There *may* be genius uninformed by character," he wrote to Bridges. "I sometimes wonder at this in a man like Tennyson; the utterance is truly golden, but go further home and you come to thoughts commonplace and lacking in nobility." The genius he preferred was "flashed off exploit." He himself rebelled early against a life of mythological dreaming and described his own poetry as unprofessional—he disliked even having to write a poem down on paper. The character revealed by the letters is curiously remote and sympathetic; eager, lofty, austere, intellectually exact and obstinate, yet capable of drawing friendship from an exchange of ideas.

These *Further Letters*, though considerably more than a fag-end, are for particular readers of Hopkins. The quality of the prose—light without heat—is still there, but his correspondents are for the most part on the outer circle of friendship. Some of the earlier letters are high-spirited.

> I am sketching (in pencil) a good deal. . . . There are the most deliciously graceful Giottesque ashes (should one say *ashs*?) here—I do not mean Giottesque though, Peruginesque, Fra-Angelical (!), in Raphael's earlier manner. I think I have told you that I have particular periods of admiration for particular things in Nature; for a certain time I am astonished at the beauty of a tree, shape, effect, etc., then when the passion, so to speak, has subsided, it is consigned to my treasury of explored beauty, and acknowledged with admiration and interest ever after, while something new takes its place in my enthusiasm. The present fury is the ash, and perhaps barley and two shapes of growth in leaves and one in tree boughs and also a conformation of fine-weather cloud.

To the same correspondent (A. W. M. Baillie), three years afterwards, he was writing:

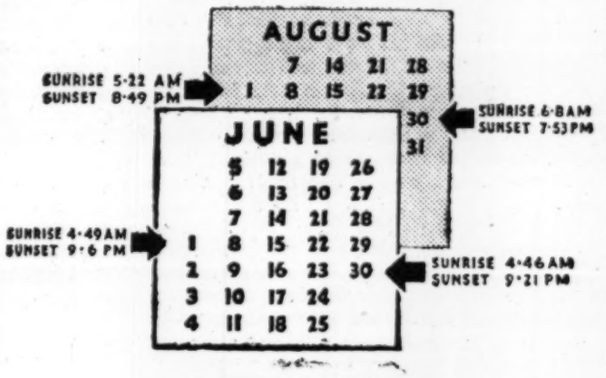
> I am expecting to take orders. . . . You know I once wanted to be a painter. But even if I could I would not I think, now, for the fact is that the higher and more attractive parts of the art put a strain upon the passions which I should think it unsafe to encounter.

A similar asceticism was applied for a time to writing; even, later, when he had regained balance, one still feels that literature, art and the perception of beauty remain, in a sense, temptations to which he must only half-yield. The extreme lushness of some of his verse fragments, when he is merely strumming—

> And crush-silk poppies aflash,
> The blood-gush blade-gash
> Flame-rash rushred, etc.

The Joy of Early Holidays

JUNE DAYS ARE LONGER!



JUNE 1st to 30th—
SUNRISE to SUNSET—496¼ HOURS DAYLIGHT

AUG. 1st to 30th—
SUNRISE to SUNSET—438¾ HOURS DAYLIGHT

- These extra hours of sunshine are extra hours of health
- The countryside is never fresher than in June
- Why add to the overcrowding in the later summer?
- And why not take advantage of cheaper accommodation?
- Early travel is comfortable travel
- So try a June holiday this year!

BEFORE YOU GO
Buy "Holiday Haunts 1938" containing Holiday Addresses etc. (Price 6d.)

HOW YOU GET THERE
"Monthly Return" Tickets by any train, any day, from all parts.

WHEN YOU GET THERE
Cheap 1st and 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets, issued from April 1st to October 31st, will enable you to see the best of your chosen holiday district

All information will gladly be supplied by the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, London, W.2, or can be obtained at any Railway Station or the usual Tourist Agencies.

GWR **FOR EARLIER HOLIDAYS!**

an enlightening discourse . . .

by Major Leonard Darwin (son of Charles Darwin) on Hereditary Qualities, Inferior Stocks, Birth Control, Sterilization, Feeble-mindedness, Improvement or Deterioration of Our Breed, Eugenics in the Future, Selection in Marriage, etc., etc., is contained in

"What is Eugenics?"

The national concern over the declining birth rate, the spread of birth control knowledge, the purification of races (very much "front-page" news these days) and their implications, make this book outstandingly important and one which should be read by everybody who is interested in the future of mankind. The work is obtainable from all booksellers price 1s. net (clothette) and 7d. net (paper cover).

WATTS & CO.
Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, E.C.4

"LEICA - That's how"

Its compactness—its precision and its comprehensiveness combine to give you modern photography at its best. Leica was the first miniature camera, and since its inception it has given the miniaturist many improvements. The use of inexpensive standard cine film—the coupling between shutter and film wind to avoid double exposures—interchangeable lenses, these were all Leica innovations. The Leica was the first camera to incorporate automatic focusing by coupling the adjustment of a whole series of interchangeable lenses to a range finder, ensuring perfect focusing at all distances. The first miniature camera to possess a focal plane shutter giving instantaneous exposures from 1/1000 second to a full second.

Write for the booklet "Leica, the camera of modern times," or see a Leica at your dealer's. A demonstration will show you many more of its fine features than we have room to mention here.

E. LEITZ (LONDON), 20, MORTIMER STREET, LONDON, W.1

—show how right he was in not giving way to sensations. Of the sensuousness apparent in some of his best poems—*The Wreck of the Deutschland*, for example, or *The Leaden Echo and the Golden Echo*—there is curiously little trace in the letters. His tone is nearly always that of intellectual statement or inquiry. In everything he looked for method: at one time trying to fix the influence of Egyptian on Greek culture, at another propounding a metrical system which "will be final like the law of gravitation," challenging Skeat's derivations, or merely absorbing Loisette's system of mnemonics. Whatever direction his learning takes, he speaks with assurance, so that one correspondent retorts, "I saw, ere we had conversed ten minutes on our first meeting, that you were one of those special pleaders who never believe yourself wrong in any respect." On that occasion—it was a question of musical notation—he happened to be wrong; usually he was right. Patmore—himself arrogant—confessed to being ashamed at the attention with which his letters had been read and considered by Hopkins.

Half the letters in this volume are odds and ends from all periods of Hopkins' life; the remaining half are the two series addressed to A. W. M. Baillie (an old school friend) and Coventry Patmore. The best passages of the Patmore correspondence have been published already, and most of the new letters printed here are specific criticisms by Hopkins of Patmore's poems. Patmore was then an old man and had almost finished writing; Hopkins approached him with immense respect for his work and an eagerly critical eye. They met less than half-a-dozen times and corresponded for five years. The two discovered an unexpected sympathy, though Patmore, flattered and somewhat overawed, could not make head or tail of such verses as Hopkins was persuaded to send him. We can judge Hopkins's influence over the older man by the fact that Patmore destroyed his *Sponsa Dei*, a summing-up in prose of his life's thought, chiefly because Hopkins had expressed disapproval. True, the manuscript was not destroyed until two years after Hopkins had spoken, but Patmore's confession to Bridges, "The *authority* of his goodness made me throw it into the fire," rings true. Hopkins has often that authority in his correspondence; it is an awkward but with him nearly always an attractive quality. The narrowness and depth of his experience can be gauged from this remark to a non-Catholic: "Religion, you know, enters very deep; in reality it is the deepest impression I have in speaking to people, that they are or that they are not of my religion." Curious that as poet and letter writer he should have been able to speak intimately to others.

G. W. STONIER

FAMINE IN ENGLAND

By VISCOUNT LYMINGTON

A vitally important work. . . . Food is the fundamental problem in peace and war.
—Maj.-Gen. J. F. C. FULLER.

Particularly sane and courageous . . . a deeply convincing and a deeply disturbing book.
—Prof. R. G. STAPLEDON in the Spectator.

Book of the greatest importance.—The Listener.

I heartily wish it a wide circulation.
—G. M. YOUNG in the Sunday Times.

A grand book.—News Chronicle.

An extremely valuable contribution to the subject of national defence.—Saturday Review.

Crown 8vo. 7/6 net

H. F. & G. WITHERBY LIMITED.

THE BAYLIS MYTH

Lilian Baylis. By SYBIL and RUSSELL THORNDIKE. *Chapman and Hall.* 5s.

Vic-Wells. Edited by HARCOURT WILLIAMS. With a Foreword by the EARL OF LYTTON, K.G. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Harcourt Williams has edited what is a more or less official tribute to Lilian Baylis from most of those brought into close contact with her during her regime at the "Old Vic," founded by her aunt, Emma Cons, in 1880, but it has two serious omissions. In the first place, all the contributors except Sybil Thorndike and Kathleen Clark of the Box Office belong to the post-war period of the "Old Vic," and these two only date their connection with Miss Baylis from 1914 and 1916 respectively. The second omission is that of Mr. St. John Ervine who, as the devil's advocate, should have been allowed his say amid the paeans of praise. In his interesting contribution entitled "A First-class Cockney," Sir Hugh Walpole (whose long personal association with Miss Baylis dates from his father, the Rector of Lambeth, who used to take the chair for Miss Emma Cons in Penny Readings at the "Old Vic") refers to Mr. St. John Ervine's obituary article on Miss Baylis as "a mean and ungrateful estimate." Sir Hugh, however, records that one of his friends who is "kindly and intelligent" did not agree with him: "it was neither mean nor ungrateful; it was true, and I say that although I admired and liked Miss Baylis." Mr. Ervine says: "this woman with the small shopkeeper's mind and the presumption to think that Almighty God had nothing better to do than assist her to reduce salaries succeeded in imposing upon the world a legend of herself as a mixture of Joan of Arc, St. Teresa and Florence Nightingale," but he himself describes her as "Saint Lilian and Shylock Baylis." His case *against* Miss Baylis reminds one that a case could be made *for* Hitler and it at least has the merit of assisting us to form a more complete picture of this remarkable woman than we otherwise should possess.

But he surely does her an injustice—which these other tributes fully demonstrate—in describing her as a woman with a small shopkeeper's mind and in dismissing her addiction to praying to God for help and money as "presumption." We all presume; even Mr. Ervine presumes to know. He seems very irritated by the fact that Miss Baylis left £10,000. He could not be more irritated if Miss Baylis had saved this off the salaries of the actors which she beat down, but everybody, including Mr. Ervine, will agree that her parsimony over salaries was not in her own interest but in the interest of the theatre, and as she became able to pay more she did. Her mania for economy enabled her to establish two flourishing theatres for which there was no public demand, and it enabled her to save £10,000 in the course of a long life in constant employment but lived, as all testify, absolutely without luxury. Suppose Mr. St. John Ervine to leave nothing when he dies, in spite of the fact that he has a far greater mind than Miss Baylis; but this would be because he was as munificent as Miss Baylis was frugal; and I think he might justly complain if in an obituary notice of him I held it against him that he had not left a fortune.

Miss Baylis had her limitations and her faults but, as happens in some lucky lives, these were no drawback in the task she had set herself, but even an assistance. The Thorndikes' book gives a vivid picture of her queer personality. She was a real Cockney character. She was born in London in 1874, but spent her youth in South Africa, and the extraordinary story they tell of how Ben Greet in anger pulled her nose *twice* shows that although parsimonious she was not petty, for her comment on this painful affair was:

> I'm sure B.G. is a good man really. He *is* a good Churchman. You've known him so much longer than I have, and I'm sure you agree that he's full of love for God and the Vic. I don't worry about having my nose pulled, which he did twice, but I don't like to think he has any nasty tendencies, and surely wanting to pull someone's nose is a nasty tendency, isn't it, dear boy?

I think this utterance proves that a woman may be both parsimonious and magnanimous. It also shows that what Mr. Ervine calls the "myth" has a solid foundation.

W. J. TURNER

BOOKS — On May 19th

THE LOST BRITISH POLICY

Britain and Spain since 1700

By BARBARA WERTHEIM

With an Introduction by **Philip Guedalla**

Cloth **3/6.** Stiff Paper Cover **1/-**

127 pages.

FRANCO'S RULE. A collection of Facts and Documents. 264 pages. Price **3/6.**

FOREIGN INTERVENTION IN SPAIN. A collection of Facts, Documents and Evidence. Vol. I. Price **7/6.** 751 pages. Demy 8vo.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS

THE WAR IN SPAIN. A Weekly Summary. Price **1d.**; by post **1½d.** Subscriptions: 3 months **2/6**; 6 months **5/-**. Abroad: **4/-** and **8/-**.

SPAIN AT WAR. A monthly Illustrated Pocket Magazine containing facts and pictures. Price **3d.**; by post **4d.** Subscriptions: Quarterly **1/-**; 6 months **2/-** Abroad: **1/6** and **2/3.** 40 pages.

EDUCATION IN REPUBLICAN SPAIN. A Brief Survey. Price **2d.**; by post **3d.** Also an ed. at **1d.**

FOREIGN JOURNALISTS UNDER FRANCO'S TERROR. By a Journalist. Price **2d.**; by post **3d.**

CONTROVERSY ON SPAIN. Between H. A. Gwynne, C.H., Editor of the "Morning Post," and A. Ramos Oliveira, a Spanish writer. Price **6d.**; by post **7d.**

HOW MUSSOLINI PROVOKED THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR. Documentary Evidence. Price **2d.**; by post **3d.**

AGRARIAN REFORM IN SPAIN. A Historical Study by the Spanish Institute for Agrarian Reform. Price **6d.**; by post **7d.**

UNITED EDITORIAL LIMITED

11 GREAT TURNSTILE, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1 **Telephone: HOLBORN 0045**

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs

One Year, post free	30s. 0d.
Six Months „ „	15s. 0d.
Three „ „ „	7s. 6d.

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

BUMPUS

HOLIDAY BOOKS—Holidays demand accurate Maps and up-to-date Guides, as well as light reading for relief. They are also the breathing space when there is time and energy to read the solid books which have to be put aside in the rush of working days. Come and look round the shelves or send a card asking for lists on any subject.

J. & E. BUMPUS LTD., BOOKSELLERS TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

477 OXFORD ST. W.1

The demand for CAPSTAN increases daily

W. D. & H. O. Wills.

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

10 FOR 6°
20 FOR 11½°

MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE SMOKING
WILLS'S CAPSTAN CIGARETTES

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. C.C.6091

NEW NOVELS

Joseph in Egypt. By THOMAS MANN. *Martin Secker and Warburg.* 2 vols. 15*s.*
The Specter. By MAXIM GORKI. *Appleton-Century.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
The Unvanquished. By WILLIAM FAULKNER. *Chatto and Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Joseph in Egypt, the continuation of *Joseph and His Brethren*, is an expansion of one chapter of Genesis, the Potiphar legend. It has been written in a slightly archaic, discursively analytical style which Miss Lowe-Porter must have found formidable to translate; but she has had the success, except very occasionally, that one has come to expect. The aspect in which Herr Mann differs from the Biblical original is not at all in the actual story; it is in giving his reasons for the actions of its characters. Here is the author himself:

> Yet let no one think I am deaf to the reproach . . . which hangs over my account, my entire exposition; to the effect that the laconic terseness of the original text cannot be surpassed, and that my whole enterprise, which is already of such long continuance, is so much labour lost. But since when, may I ask, does a commentator set himself up in competition with his text? And besides, is there not as much dignity and importance attached to the discussion of the "how" as to the transmission of the "what"? . . .

It is, then, to the "how" of one of the primary and greatest chastity-legends of our culture that the author has applied himself. One of the very few writers left to-day who are both world-important and unflustered (which many find outrageous of him), Herr Mann brings his phenomenal intuitive understanding of the nature of love to bear on the problems of why Joseph abandoned his father, continuing into Egypt, and why he rejected Potiphar's wife. As regards the first question, Joseph is shown as envisaging the pit as a death from which he was re-born, "chosen": God, his second and superior father, had given him a new life, and therefore duty. ("Ambition is not the word for it; for it was ambition for God. . . .") As regards the second question, it was precisely in his new rôle as the "chosen," in the "pious conceit of his brideship with God" that he could not suffer the violation of his physical virginity. The author is giving us, in fact, the beginnings of the Hebrew-Christian concept of sex as a shameful "laying bare," as Sin. Potiphar's wife is presented as married to a eunuch, and her behaviour as:

> by its nature nothing else than a violent, terrified outburst to save, in the last . . . moment, her fleshly honour and her human womanhood. . . .

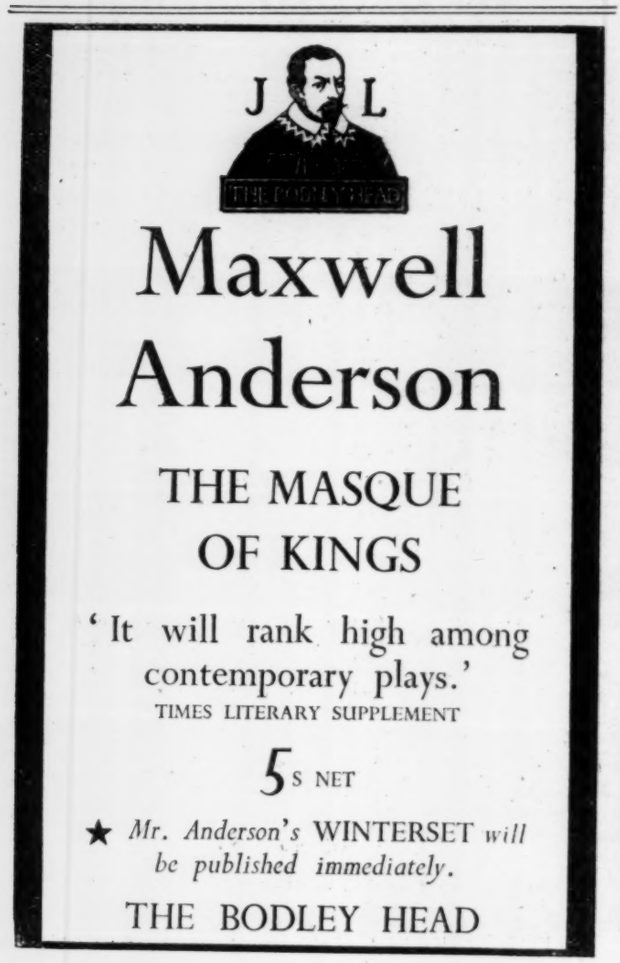
She is made, moreover, to symbolise the opulent, newly secure civilisation of an Egypt in which social and religious liberalism were appearing for the first time in history, and in which the idea of Sin, as Isaac and Joseph felt it, was unknown.

At the same time, this long novel is by no means pure philosophising. The court at Thebes, the public holidays, the luxurious ritual of Potiphar's household are all magnificently and minutely described. The characters, too, are no mere pretexts. Instead of the tedious, prudish and familiar butler, Joseph emerges as a fascinating, enigmatic mixture of goodness and good looks, nobility and astuteness. The scenes with Potiphar's wife, especially towards the end, are urgent and agonising in an intensely human sense, and if one were to complain one might say that the incidents of the drama itself have not been given space enough. Nevertheless, what we have received is "a pouring of the present into the forms of the myth," and a piece of permanent literature. I have made it sound, I know, as if it were stiffish reading. This is true only at the very outset.

Gorki has now been dead for two years, and this is the fourth, and last, part of an immense work, *The Life of Clim Samghin*, in which his hero watches the politico-social development of Russia from the beginnings of the century until the Revolution. Only the first eighty-two of these six hundred and seventy pages were initialled "Final Version" by Gorki, but the remainder have been adequately edited. This is a book in which, for better or worse, the story is subservient to the conversations, and I propose to dispense with it, exciting though it often is. It is a novel of talk, and naturally Samghin's personality is of paramount importance. He is a travelled, moderately well-to-do lawyer; he is social, but silent and watchful; ineffectual, but impressive. He is generous, put-upon, unsuccessful in love, slightly conceited, extremely intelligent, and altogether rather sympathetic. His bane is what Gorki calls his "debauched and fawning," his "supersaturated," memory. There is always room in his head for both sides of a question, and consequently never room for a decision. So thoroughly has the author explored the whole intellectual and historical panorama, that he has created, in Samghin, an almost ideally representative intellectual of our time. He has not made another Dostoievski hero, or just another glumly incompetent Russian highbrow. Samghin can run his everyday life quite reasonably, stopping well short of dramatics. This is what makes him so universal, and so very contemporary. What Gorki intended was to expose the paralysis that attacks the majority of intellectuals when once they realise that the system in which they live is doomed, and he has succeeded so well that *The Specter* seems to include portraits of a great many people one knows. It is anything but reassuring to realise that, from 1905 on, educated political discussions in Russia were absolutely indistinguishable from those in Paris and New York, and even parts of London, to-day. (The talk about Tolstoy's non-resistance to evil parallels the Huxleyan pacifism of the moment, for example.) Problem for problem, the situation is derisive in its similarity, and nothing could be more instructive than Samghin's scrupulous, helpless, fatal havering. When things go obviously wrong, after 1914, he typically has the "idea of joining a party," but doesn't. He finishes by longing for a catastrophe. "He longed for an end to the indefinite." Gorki did not quite complete the novel, which Lenin was to enter in person, but it is plain, from notes, that Samghin was killed in the riots, a spectator still. As an example of this novel's charming detail, I will conclude with a quotation:

> Besides, he disliked the cut of the new furniture. For his study he picked up a desk, a bookcase, and three heavy arm-chairs in imitation ebony—furniture greatly popular in the 'eighties among provincial lawyers with liberal tendencies, of the sort which . . . is termed "the style of the disappointed."

The Unvanquished is one of those small, violent and itself somewhat frightened works of art which read so much more easily, nowadays, than Gorki and Herr Mann. In his way, Faulkner is symptomatic of a world which is once more forcing itself to stop thinking, but on the other hand, there is no better writer in America, Hemingway included. His style has reverted, in this new work, to something earlier and far less congested, and the number of purple, or rather overwritten, passages is less than ever. (*Soldier's Pay* was crammed with them.) The story, a Sartoris one, is about the American Civil War. It is told by the boy,



NO other language has a single word which exactly conveys the full meaning of the English word 'home.' It is the pleasant and special function of the Abbey Road* to enable English men and women to own a home that is really their own.

Own your own home with the help of

ABBEY ROAD

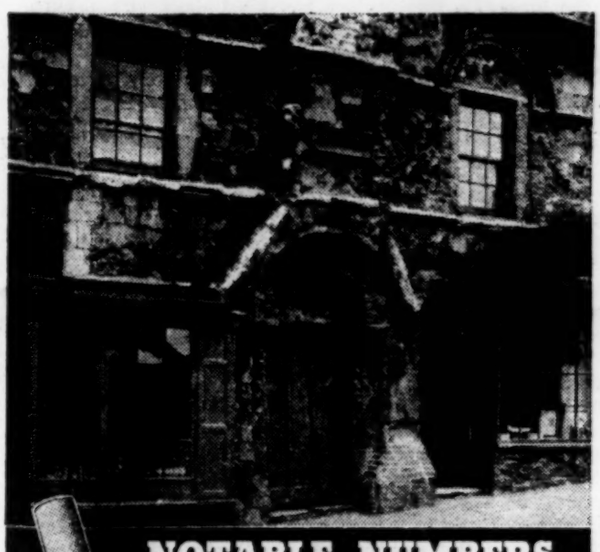
LONDON'S LARGEST BUILDING SOCIETY

Managing Director: Sir Harold Bellman

*The Abbey Road service is courteous and generous, speedy and efficient. Assets exceed £50,000,000.

ABBEY HOUSE · BAKER ST. · LONDON · N.W.1

CVS—319



NOTABLE NUMBERS

THE JEWS HOUSE, No. 1 STEEP HILL, LINCOLN—This ancient house, which dates back to Norman times, was built about 1160, and is said to be one of the oldest inhabited houses in England.

The slow maturing process of time plays its part in the production of that other notable number—Player's No. 3. Mellowness, distinction of aroma, flavour, and finer quality in the tobacco—these are the reasons why No. 3 is such a notable smoke.

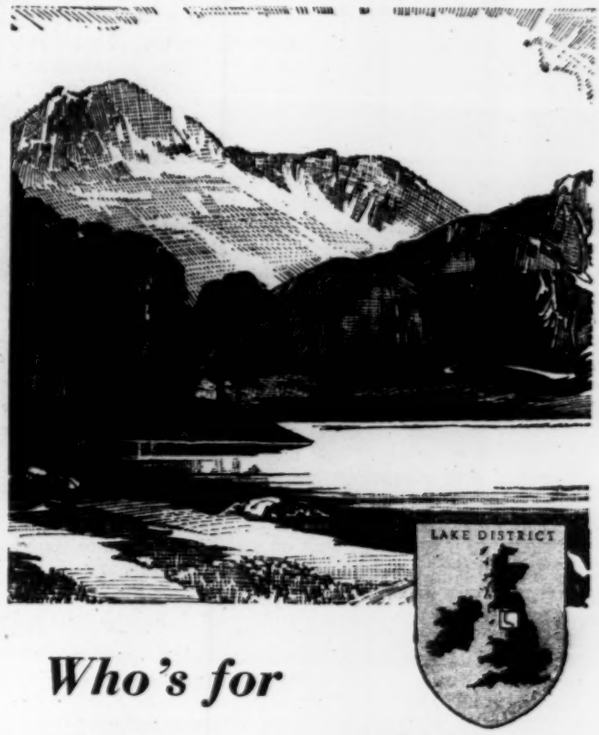
PLAYER'S NUMBER 3

EXTRA QUALITY VIRGINIA

PLAYER'S No. 3 are supplied either plain or cork-tipped as you ask for which you prefer.

20 FOR 1/4 50 FOR 3/3 50 TINS (plain only) 3/4

J.P.46.3



Who's for

THE LAKES

and Loveliness?

It has been said that you owe it to yourself to see the Lake District at least once in your life. Nowhere else will you find such an infinite variety of scenery.

Wherever you go you will find every yard of your way full of interest and beauty. There is an unbroken series of wide prospects, magnificent panoramas of majestic crags and fells, wild mountain passes, lovely placid lakes and smiling dales, and nestling under the green slopes are quaint and charming old towns. Here you will find a rare enchantment and, at nightfall, happy relaxation in any of Lakeland's resorts—Windermere, Keswick, Grasmere and the rest.

Come and forget every-day cares in the bosom of the Lake District. You can travel by comfortable L M S Express Trains with a cheap Monthly Return Ticket and—when you get there, obtain a 12s. 6d. Contract Ticket. It gives you the freedom of the line for a whole week in this lovely holiday land.

Beautifully illustrated folder "The English Lakes," "Cheap Fares" booklet and Holiday Contract Ticket folder free from your nearest L M S Station or office. "Holidays by L M S" price 6d.—on sale everywhere—contains numerous Holiday addresses in the Lake District.

The Best Resorts are on the

LMS

LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY

Bayard Sartoris, who lives with his grandmother and a young coloured foster-brother, Ringo. The Colonel is away fighting, and they are in constant fear of Yankee invasion. Eventually, it comes, and there then begins for them a new, extraordinary existence. The negro slaves hear dimly of their emancipation, and set out, during the nights only, on a vast, quiet migration to the north. "They sounded like they were running, like they had to run to keep ahead of daylight." The Northern troops were camped beside a river, and there comes a scene of terrifying beauty when the cavalry has to charge endless columns of singing negroes in order to prevent them "crossing Jordan," and drowning. The Grandmother evolves an elaborate, Faulknerian, but quite credible system of selling the enemy their own mules over and over again: the Yankees seemed to become "nor a belief nor even a form of behaviour, but instead were a kind of gully precipice into which Granny and Ringo and I were sucked pell-mell every time we got close to them." Granny is eventually shot by one of the bandits that began to infest the beaten South, and Bayard and Ringo chase him, with success, in pages so highly charged with imaginative insight that they are exhausting, like some new sort of poetry. The base of the book is Bayard's development. His reactionary, quixotic father is also shot, by a political adversary, and the break that Bayard makes with the whole fabric of his time in refusing to kill the murderer forms the culmination. It might be as well, on second thoughts, to round off with a small warning to Mr. Faulkner. The volume itself has a purple patch on its cover, and it is so very much high time that the author ceased to put them inside. So I will end with a quotation:

> We watched them, the big gaunt horse almost the colour of smoke, lighter in colour than the dust which had gathered and caked on his wet hide where they had crossed at the ford three miles away, coming up the drive at a steady gait which was not a walk and not a run, as if he had held it all the way from Tennessee because there was a need to encompass earth which abrogated sleep or rest and relegated to some insulated bourne of perennial and pointless holiday so trivial a thing as galloping.

Is this the best, or even a good, way of saying that the horse's gait was a sort of trot, because it was more practical on a long, important journey? No.

BRIAN HOWARD

Cash on Tour

A tourist can cash his own cheques anywhere in Great Britain. The Manager at your own Branch will be pleased to pave the way in any given town so that your drawings may be honoured within pre-arranged limits. The business at this end takes only a few moments; nothing but a cheque book need be carried, and the utmost ease and safety are enjoyed. Or if you prefer the handy 'Travellers Cheque' of £2, £5, or £10, your Branch can sell them to you over the counter according to your needs

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED

MORALS AND POLITICS

Guide to the Philosophy of Morals and Politics. By C. E. M. JOAD. *Gollancz.* 6s.

For a popular book on philosophy 800 pages is big, but there is one evil bigger than a big book about philosophies, and that is the dullness whose soul is brevity. Mr. Joad is one of the few summarisers of philosophy who avoids condensing *obscurum per obscurius*. He has a genius for lucid exposition and a capacity for taking infinite pains in sympathy to alien views.

The main plan is determined by the idea that the Greeks, who are dealt with in Part I, did not distinguish Ethics from Politics; that the distinction was effected by Christian, and especially post-Renaissance and post-Reformation writers, whose treatment of the separate topics is dealt with in Parts II and III; and that the twentieth century has closed the breach in ways whose acceptability is discussed in Part IV.

But there is a cross-division in the book which complicates its main outline, and suggests the question if it is not really two books. Five of the nineteen chapters are asterisked as "more difficult" and to be "omitted in a first reading." Here we have the author's own moral theory, and we can no longer either be satisfied with lucidity of exposition or cavil at points of interpretation. Applause and criticism are challenged for more vital matters. We can applaud the same lucidity and candour in the statement of the creed which were found in the exposition, but we must criticise the somewhat cursory discussion of fundamental terms like obligation (hardly mentioned) and good (not distinguished from my good) and of their relation, which sometimes seems to be an identity. The relations between motive, intention and action are also rather superficially treated. The general political theory is a development of those of Locke and Mill; the ethical of those of Moore and Rashdall. In one place the author acknowledges an inclination to the view set out in "Is Moral Philosophy Founded on a Mistake?" but he does not seem to have considered the later writings of Professor Prichard (whose name is misprinted both in text and index) and consequently does not realise how incompatible that view is with Professor Moore's.

The first of these more exciting chapters is on the Scope of Ethics. Its vigorous defence of moral judgments against the charge of being purely subjective or quite unmeaning is weakened by the suggestion that primary moral intuitions, as opposed to calculation of consequences, are not rational. Yet a few pages earlier it is admitted that "the laws of logic" and the validity of inferences and mathematical axioms are "intuitively perceived." Surely this is a rational operation; and so, surely, is the apprehension that a promise involves some degree of obligation on the promiser.

In the asterisked chapter on Free Will, though it is held that morality implies freedom, the curious view is maintained that what is free is the recognition (here described as an act of reason) that we have a certain duty. Here, in successfully defending our reasonable moral judgments against the charge that they are wholly "conditioned" or determined by our past history and therefore untrue, the author seems to deny that, so far as they are true, they are determined by our rational capacity and the facts we are considering. "Freedom is pre-eminently evinced in the sphere of the intellect." "Judging X to be good" is making "an impartial and disinterested choice." Once we have *decided that* an action is our duty (or, in his own language, "good") the *decision to* do it is thereby "determined."

Several odd results would seem to follow from this: (1) that we never do what we think wrong; (2) that only right acts are free, and they only in the sense of being determined by "free" judgments; (3) that, since freedom is presupposed by an obligation but we are only free to judge, our only obligations are to judge that we have obligations; (4) that what we really blame ourselves or others for is not doing what we thought wrong but doing what we mistakenly thought right. This "choice in judgment" is hard to reconcile with the objectivity of morals which is convincingly defended in the asterisked chapter on Good or Value. It is more in harmony with the unexpected statement that "a right . . . derives its nature and authority from . . . the mind of the thinker who conceives it."

The two remaining asterisked chapters, XV, on The Idealist Theory of the State, and XVIII, a Criticism of the Idealist Theory of the State, are the most original and striking in the book. At first sight it seemed dyslogistic to interpolate between them two chapters on the Theories of Fascism and of Communism. But the result justifies it. The familiar criticism of the identification

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. **Housemaster.** Wed., Sat.

APOLLO. **Idiot's Delight.** Tues. & Sat.

COLISEUM. **The Engadine Express.** Daily.

DUCHESS. **I Killed the Count.** Wed., Sat.

GLOBE. **"Robert's Wife."** Wed. and Sat.

QUEEN'S. **The Merchant of Venice.** W. S.

STRAND. **Banana Ridge.** Wed., Thurs.

ST. MARTIN'S. **Plan for a Hostess.** Tu., Fri.

WESTMINSTER. **You Never Can Tell.** W.S.

WYNDHAM'S. **George & Margaret.** W., S.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE OLD VIC. Waterloo 6336.
From Mon., May 23 (For 3 Weeks Only)
BALLETS JOOSS. **The Green Table**
and 8 other Ballets. Popular Prices, 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.*

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 6404
HOUSEMASTER
A Farcical Comedy by IAN HAY
OVER 630 PERFORMANCES

APOLLO. (Gerrard 2663). 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.
IDIOT'S DELIGHT
by Robert E. Sherwood
RAYMOND MASSEY TAMARA GEVA

COLISEUM. Tem. 3161. 2.30 and 8.15 DAILY.
"THE ENGADINE EXPRESS"
"RHYTHM ON THE ICE."
Musical Spectacle with New Ideas.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) 8.30 sharp. Wed., Sat. 2.30.
I KILLED THE COUNT
by Alec Coppel THE CRIME COMEDY HIT.
Final Performance Saturday, May 21st.

GARRICK. Tem. 4601. Evgs., 8.30. (ex. Mons.).
MATINEES. TUES., THURS., SAT., 2.30.
HARCOURT WILLIAMS in
THE ZEAL OF THY HOUSE
by DOROTHY L. SAYERS

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVGS., 8.30 sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and SATS., 2.30 sharp.
ROBERT'S WIFE
By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

PLAYHOUSE. Whi. 7774.
Evgs. 8.30. (Ex. Mon.) Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
Edmund Willard. Esmond Knight. Robert Helpmann.
THE INSECT PLAY
By the Brothers Capek

QUEEN'S. Gerrard 4517.
Evgs., 8.30 sharp. Mats., Wed. & Sats., 2.30.
LAST SIX WEEKS OF JOHN GIELGUD'S SEASON.
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

SAVOY. (Tem. 8888.) Evgs., 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.
OSCAR HOMOLKA in
POWER AND GLORY
By KAREL CAPEK
C. V. FRANCE. FELIX AYLMER

SHAFTESBURY. Prop., Joseph Benson
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30. (Ger. 6456.)
POISON PEN
By Richard Llewellyn.
MARGARET YARDE. WALTER FITZGERALD.

STRAND. Tem. 2660. Evgs. 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30
Robertson Hare & Alfred Drayton in
BANANA RIDGE
by Ben Travers.

ST. MARTIN'S. Temple Bar 1443.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tuesday, Friday, 2.30.
YVONNE ARNAUD. RONALD SQUIRE
PLAN FOR A HOSTESS

VICTORIA PALACE. (Vic. 1317.) Nightly, 6.20 & 9.
LUPINO LANE
TEDDY ST. DENIS & GEORGE GRAVES
ME AND MY GIRL
THE HAPPIEST MUSICAL COMEDY IN TOWN.

WESTMINSTER. (Vic. 0283.) 8.30. W., S., 2.30.
BERNARD SHAW'S Comedy
You Never Can Tell
Seats bookable, 8/6, 4/6, 2/6. (Limited Run only.)

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. 3028. (Second Year.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., Wed. and Sats. at 2.30.
"GEORGE and MARGARET"
COMEDY by GERALD SAVORY.

FILMS

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981
"FRANCE'S MOST DARING COMEDY"
PRE-ABDICATION SATIRE AT LAST!
"LE ROI S'AMUSE" (A).
VICTOR FRANCEN, GABY MORLAY, RAIMU.

BERKELEY, Berkeley Street. May. 8505.
Now under ACADEMY management
Last great Austrian film
DER SPIEGEL (A).
PAULA WESSELY film. Prices, 2/6., 3/6., 5/-, 8/6.

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285
MONDAY, MAY 16th, FOR SEVEN DAYS
JEAN GABIN in
UNDERWORLD (A).
From Maxim Gorki's celebrated work.

REPERTORY THEATRES

CROYDON REPERTORY THEATRE.
Wellesley Road. Croydon 6001/2.
Week Commencing Monday, May 16th.
Nightly at 7. Saturday at 2.15 and 7.
Mourning Becomes Electra
By Eugene O'Neill.
The New Theatre success.

THE PLAYHOUSE, LIVERPOOL
Evgs., 7.45. Mats., Sat., 2.30.
You Can't Take It With You
By Moss Hart and George Kaufmann.

HULL. Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5 p.m. **Little.**
The Day Is Gone
By W. Chetham-Strode.

MANCHESTER REPERTORY THEATRE
Evenings at 7.30.
Someone at The Door.
By Dorothy and Christie Campbell.

DANCE

COME to Holborn Youth Peace Council's China Dance under patronage of Their Excellencies The Chinese Ambassador and Madame Quo Tai-Chi and Their Worships the Mayor and Mayoress of Holborn. Paramount Rhythm Band. Cabaret. Royal Scottish Corporation Hall, Fetter Lane, 8 p.m. Saturday, 21st May. 1*s.* 6*d.*

EXHIBITION

THE STORRAN GALLERY
Oil Paintings by
PICASSO, MATISSE, DERAIN
and Gouaches by VERA CUNINGHAM
5 Albany Court Yard, near Burlington House.

RESTAURANTS

A QUIET meal, deliciously cooked—Lunch, Dinner, or late Supper (licensed till midnight), at RULES of Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. Estd. 1780.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. Mus. 6428.

CONVALESCENT HOME

HOVE.—Convalescent Home, vacancies for guests. H. & C. Comfort. Freedom. Efficient night and day nursing staff. Lounge. Central heating and coal fire. Apply Box 294.

PERSONAL

ATTRACTIVE large divan rooms in young man's flat. Good food (meals optional), b. and b., 30*s.* (less sharing). PRImrose 0758.

FRENCH by experienced Licenciée Diplomée (Paris)-JACQUELINE HIRSCH, 50 Fitzroy St., W.1. Euston 3809.

CULTURED and liberal Hungarian woman would welcome Englishwoman p.g. in her Budapest home. £8 a month incl. Also spare room in large hut on hillside overlooking Danube. 30 km. Budapest. July, Aug., Sept. £5 a month incl. Walking, swimming, boating. Box 1671.

COUPLE travelling Budapest early June, large car, offer two seats congenial people. Box 1731.

SMALL house, quiet country, available occasionally week or longer, for responsible young woman willing take charge tame marmoset, owners' absence. Suit writer or other able bring indoor work. Maid would sleep in. PRIESTLEY-SMITH, Southend, Reading.

GERMAN Lady wishes share flat with another. Hampstead preferred. Mornings, Hampstead 4622.

RUSSIAN—by experienced native teacher. London, references. Central. 'Phone. Box 1783.

GRAND Piano (small) Collard for sale. For particulars write Box 1716.

AUSTRIAN lady, near Salzburg, receives young people as paying guests. German lessons, good food, pleasant home. B. REEDL, Aigen bei Salzburg, Austria.

COMFORTABLE country home, near Rye, offered gentleman. Low rate. No other boarders. Box 1723.

BUSINESS PARTNER wanted for progressive Home SCHOOL in Surrey, willing to invest £3,000 to finance moving and enlarging and able to spend part time in managing the business affairs of the School. Box 1725.

COUNTRY, SEA. Young authoress wishes cheerful, informal hospitality summer months to finish book. Expert secretarial help offered in exchange reduced terms. Also experienced horses, dogs, swimming. References. Write Box 1772.

CYCLING tour England and Scotland. 4 weeks July. Lady would like companion. Box 1792.

APPOINTMENTS at any time to suit you, but please ring WEL 4950 before 11 if possible. ANTHONY PANTING, 5 Paddington Street.

A SOUNDLY established firm of Radio and Electrical Engineers offers to carry out radio and electrical work at reduced prices during off-season periods, to keep its staff of highly skilled men in regular employment. Write, DRAZIN, 57–59 Heath Street, N.W.3, or Telephone Hampstead 6633.

"STAMMERING CAN BE CURED." A FREE LECTURE by W. A. Carot, the eminent Specialist, explaining psychological causes. CAXTON HALL, Westminster, Thursday, May 26th, at 7.30 p.m.

DETECTIVES. Divorce, Enquiries, etc. Terms moderate. Consultations free. UNIVERSAL DETECTIVES, 12 Henrietta Street, W.C.2. Tem. Bar 9058.

NUDIST GATHERINGS. Wednesdays and Fridays at West London gymnasium. Write, enclosing stamped envelope: SECRETARY, National Sun and Air Association, 6 Foster Lane, E.C.2.

DAVEY RADIO
is made by craftsmen for the critical listener who is satisfied only with the worthiest reproduction of music. It reveals unsuspected beauties of tone and detail in both broadcast and recorded music. Each set is made by hand and tuned and tested individually. Receivers from £39. Radio-gramophones from £53 10*s.* Full details on request.
E.M.G. HAND MADE GRAMOPHONES, LTD.
11 Grape Street, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 7166-7.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Quick, cheap, lasting, harmless, as grateful 1,000's testify. Either sex. Write: CARLTON CHEMICALS, 251 Birmingham.

VOICE Production, Public Speaking. Speech Defects a speciality. GLADYS NYREN, L.R.A.M. (Elocution), 67 Haverstock Hill, N.W.3. Pri. 5893. Lessons Bond Street and Hampstead.

MISCELLANEOUS

73 DELIGHTFUL patterns of Redmaynes Cumberland tweeds for Ladies' wear sent post free. Prices from 7*s.* 6*d.* yard, 54in. wide. REDMAYNES, 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

CHINESE Peasant Pottery is cheap and very beautiful You can buy it from GERALD HOLTOM, Artist Decorator and Furnishing Agent, 259b Tottenham Court Road, W.1. Museum 5119.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE, universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe, extermination guaranteed; from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarth's, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins, 1*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.* 4*s.* 6*d.* post free.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates, and all information on page 853.

by Hegel and Bosanquet of "the State" with actual States is freshly pushed home by the cogent argument that they must admit totalitarian States to be "more States" than democracies are, since in them the State not only controls but inwardly pervades all other forms of association. And yet the Hegelian premiss that "man is developed in the State" is surely truest of States where men are developed by self-government, voluntary association and free discussion. By reminding us of the multifarious peaceful relations between States for commerce, communication, transport, quarantine, control of noxious traffic, the author gives new point to the question why these inter-State relations should not give rise to mutual obligations and why the State should be "the moral whole" with only hostile relations to others. And it was worth pointing out that one more resemblance between Hegel and Marx is that their denials of any loyalty outside the State and outside the class severally rest on similar abstractions. In other parts of the book this alternation of expository with original material is less obviously successful. It results in frequent reference, for justification or explanation, to future pages, which themselves contain similar references, and so on. And it is a fault in a guide to give us no references to the work he is guiding us through by which we can verify or contextualise his quotations.

But where the pudding eats so well it would be graceless to quarrel with the recipe by which very useful exposition, generally sound criticism and doctrine always stimulating have been mixed.

E. F. CARRITT

HOW TO BE HUMAN

First Things First. By FRANK TILSLEY. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The cardinal defect of Shaw's *Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism* as propaganda was that it was addressed to that quality which the English most warmly despise. Intelligence is all right for the intellectuals, but where—when it comes to politics—are the intellectuals? How much do they count? Under the present English system almost nothing. It was, I think, Mr. Harold Nicolson who pointed out that you must appeal to somewhere in John Bull's bosom and not to his head; and, I would add, the kind of person to rope into Socialism to-day is not the nice, thoughtful, agreeably educated middle class who are probably the most civilised people our kind of society can produce, but the little business-man, the minor go-getter, the cautious clerk, the bellicose season-ticket-holder of the suburban train, who has never read a book, thinks the Book Society high-brow and loves ribbon development, jerry building and tinned tomato soup in sham baronial hotels. This is the man of the hour and it is a mistake to insult him by thinking his opinions are in his pocket or to snub him by talking over his head. Midway, in that region where his anxiety about his job is mixed up with an obscure sense that there is something wrong with a society which keeps him perpetually worried now and proposes to bomb him to bits later, is the place to get him. As one of Mr. Priestley's toughs remarked of himself when selling cyclists the usual slice of tinned ham, he's 'uman.

Because it has hit this region in just the right way, Mr. Tilsley's very shrewd, personal, human, good-natured and downright book about the necessity of Socialism seems to me the most vital piece of polemical writing I have read for a long time. It has the vigour and pragmatic liveliness of his last and excellent novel, *I'd Hate to be Dead*, which was about exactly the kind of man he now addresses—the ordinary man who has had few chances, who has to make his own way, who is no saint, likes a bargain and has some contempt (and does not deny a natural envy) for those to whom society has given a good deal for very little in return. Mr. Tilsley says of his family, "we seemed to be just as poor as everybody else, went to council schools like everybody else, and were persistently and emphatically unremarkable." For eighteen years he was an accountant at £4 a week, and that job is almost as good as a doctor's for telling you how people live. Outside the minority whose fathers could afford to give them a good education, they do not live very well; and competition, the struggle to rise out of your class into even a slightly more spacious world, does not only serious damage to the character and society, but spoils your pleasure when you get there.

Socialism, for Mr. Tilsley, is not merely a question of economics, and it certainly is not Utopian. It is a philosophy of life. The choice, as he says, is not between Right and Left but between Right, Left and being human; and it is from the point of view of the needs and limitations of human beings that he attacks the main controversial issues of Communism, Fascism, Pacificism, authoritarian religion and war. He dislikes the lot. The man in the train will tell you as he looks out at the villas and factories, that war has supplanted Socialism in urgency; but, as Mr. Tilsley points out, that dread which has made the hearts of everyone in England wretched in the past year is almost as bad as war itself. War turns life into horrible death and destroys civilisation. But war preparedness drives us to live a life not worth living. We may frighten our neighbours from making war on us, but existence under this kind of power politics will become less and less bearable. There is in Socialism alone an alternative from the dilemma of either dying horridly or living horridly.

There is not, it will be said, anything very new in what Mr. Tilsley has to say; it is just the Socialist case. But it is more than that, because it is Socialism for the ordinary man, not merely in the way he can understand it but, far more important, in the way which his heart and good sense will like and respect.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE MEANS TEST

British Unemployment Policy: The Modern Phase Since 1930. By RONALD C. DAVISON. *Longmans.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

As a summary of the very great changes which have been made since 1930 in the methods of relieving the unemployed, Mr. Davison's book is most useful. Beginning with a very few pages on the decade ending in 1930, he proceeds to give, first, an unduly brief account of the changes introduced between 1931 and 1934—the Labour Government's Anomalies Act and the Means Test imposed by its "National" successor. He then describes and discusses in much more detail the new system introduced by the Unemployment Insurance Act of 1934—with its re-establishment of the insurance scheme on a self-supporting basis under the guardianship of the Unemployment Insurance Statutory Committee, and the parallel setting up of the Unemployment Assistance Board to take over, first transitional benefits under the Means Test, and subsequently the care of most other able-bodied persons from the Public Assistance Committees. Having described in outline the machinery and working of the new system, he goes on to discuss in turn the measures adopted for the Special Areas, and the working of the various types of training and instructional centres catering for both adults and juveniles.

Mr. Davison's point of view is that of a strong supporter of the Means Test. But he remains doubtful of the wisdom of taking the provision for unemployed workers who are not entitled to insurance benefit out of the hands of the local P.A.C.'s—or at all events, of giving the U.A.B. power to deal with workers in uninsured trades as well as insured workers who have exhausted their benefit rights. Mr. Davison, who continually stresses both the need for elasticity in applying rules to particular cases and the difficulty of reconciling this with centralised, State administration, would evidently sooner have left the residual unemployed to be looked after locally, even if the State had been compelled to foot part of the bill.

In general, Mr. Davison can see almost nothing wrong with the system as it now exists from the standpoint of the unemployed. He stresses the magnitude of the concessions made by the U.A.B. after the disastrous breakdown of its first set of regulations in 1935; and he evidently thinks that these concessions have gone in many cases much too far. He is, however, alive to the fact that the fundamental difficulty confronting both the U.I.S.C. and the U.A.B. is the excessive lowness of wages in many occupations outside either Trade Union or Trade Board regulation; for this compels both bodies to allow unemployed persons, especially if they have large families of dependants, incomes which may well exceed their earning capacity when they are in work. Mr. Davison does not draw, but he could hardly dissent from, the conclusion that the remedy in such cases is not to reduce "doles," but to increase wages by statutory regulation.

Mr. Davison touches on the relation between unemployment and health insurance, but curiously fails to mention the worst anomaly that exists in connection with the dual scheme. The lag of health benefit behind unemployment benefit—which was the lower when the two were started in 1911—makes it disastrous for an unemployed man to be registered as sick; for this will cause an abrupt drop of income just when need is likely to increase. At this and other points his narrative fails to bring out the weaknesses of the social insurance system in its present shape.

THACKERAY HOTEL.
OPPOSITE the British Museum, Great Russell St., W.C.1. Telephones in all Bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet and Inclusive Terms on application.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5s. a night or 30s. weekly; with dinner, 6s. 6d. a night or 35s. to 2 gns. weekly. Vic. 7289.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD., St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

TORQUAY, Howden Court. 3 minutes by private path to sea. Sun Lounge. Private bath and sitting-room if required, h. and c. in bedroom. Tel.: 2807. A.A. appointed. Also Service Flat in Hotel.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House, Real country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

ISLAND off Irish West Coast. Magnificent scenery. Mild climate. Amethyst Hotel, Achill Island. Facing Atlantic Ocean and surrounded by mountains. Good food. Comfortable beds. Hot and cold water. Turf fires. Terms: £2 10s. to 3 gns. weekly. Write Miss T. BLACKHAM, Keel, Achill, Ireland.

ACHILL, West Ireland. Burke's Private Hotel, close to safe bathing Strand, beautiful scenery, comfortable, moderate. Apply POSTMISTRESS.

NORTH WALES.—for Ideal Holidays. Wonderful mountain, moorland and maritime scenery. Every facility for indoor and outdoor sports, pastimes and amusements. Rest and comfort. Send 3d. in stamps for Illustrated Guide to SECRETARY, North Wales Holiday Resorts Assocn., Dept. 12, Llanfairfechan. Express trains by L.M.S.

TORQUAY. Hotel Villa Como, St. Luke's Road. Glorious sea views, h. and c. bedrooms, good food, garage. Terms 2 gns. weekly.

CONGENIAL Company and comfort for the non-conventional. Write for illustrated brochure, VERNON SYMONDS, "Netherwood," The Ridge, Hastings. Telephone: Baldslow 19.

SALISBURY
THE OLD MILL RESTAURANT AND HOTEL at West Harnham.
Large Countrified Bedrooms, and specially good new bathrooms.
Candle-lit 13th Century Refectory for Meals.
Riding School and good horses for hacking.
Terms from 3½ gns. a week.
Apply PROPRIETOR.

CORNWALL. On glorious west coast between St. Ives and Land's End. Several comfortable furnished cottages right on the cliffs to let for any period, holidays or residence. Grand spot, sandy bathing coves, delightful moorland country. Book now. Terms and photos. MRS. SEVIER, The Bungalow, Pendeen.

COUNTY DONEGAL. Glenbay Hotel, Malinmore. Facing Atlantic. Unrivalled cliff scenery. Good bathing and fishing. Excellent cuisine. Apply Cunningham.

ASHDOWN FOREST. TYES, Nutley, Sussex. Country House in 6 acres; 600 ft. up, lovely views; modern comforts; attractive meals and service you will appreciate. From 3 gns. weekly. Nutley 85.

DEVON and the CARAVAN. Write for free booklet from the Pathfinder Hire and Sales Service, Tedburn St. Mary, Exeter. Tedburn St. Mary 39.

WEST HIGHLANDS. Small, quiet, comfortable hotel, beautifully situated on the shore of Loch Linnhe. Full particulars from MISS M. VELLACOTT, Onich Hotel, Onich, Fort William, Inverness-shire.

ISLE OF WIGHT Country House, h. & c. running water, indoor sanitation, elec. l., C.H., 23 acres to sea, 5 for nudism, safe bathing, showers, tennis. Brochure, N. S. CRITCHARD, Woodside House, Wootton, I.W.

TORQUAY. Hotel Villa Belza, Warren Rd. Finest position facing sea. Veritable suntrap. Central. H. and C. bedrooms. Excellent cooking. From 2 gns. wkly.

GEORGIAN Farmhouse offers ideal holiday in unspoilt country 13 miles Eastbourne; 300 acres, rough shooting, golf, tennis, riding. 3½ gns. BATTEN, Cralle Place, Vines Cross, Sussex. Tel.: Horeham Rd. 2

SOMERSET. June, July. Furnished old world cottage, well equipped, reconditioned, 2 rec. 4 beds, lovely garden. Attractive country. 4 gns. weekly. Box 1692.

N. DEVON. The Crescent, Mortehoe, Woolacombe. Situated in quaint old-world village, near sea and moorland. Excellent cooking. H. and c. water; all modern conveniences. 2–4 gns. weekly. MRS. M. YEO.

CHELTENHAM SPA, in the heart of the incomparable Cotswolds, and centre for tours to the Wye and Severn Valleys, Shakespeareland, etc. Endless entertainment. Sport for all. *Illus. Guide free from Dept. 11, Town Hall, Cheltenham.*

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON, South Devon coast. "Mountway" Guest House for refined modern comfort. Write Brochure.

SEAFORD. New Vegetarian Guest House. Sea view, h. & c. water in rooms. Own garden produce. MISS E. MITCHELL, Claremont House, Claremont Road.

TAUNTON, near. Do you appreciate genuine comfort and exceptional food, pleasant environment? Particulars Box 01631.

ACHILL ISLAND. Slievemore Hotel. Largest and oldest established. Close to sea. A.A. and R.I.A.C. appointments. Apply HOPE CLAPHAM.

Holiday Suggestions

CORNWALL. Penzance. Comfortable guest house, close sea and country. Reduction for friends. From 35s. "Westbourne," Alexandra Road.

ROSS-ON-WYE. Quiet, bracing sunny situation. Excellent cuisine, separate tables. Vi-Spring mattresses. Central for all parts Wye Valley. MISS MATTHEWS, Galen Lodge.

WENSLEYDALE Guest-house for energetic or restful holidays. Good centre walks or motoring. Easy access main routes Glasgow. Postal address: Warnford, Thoralby, Leyburn, Yorks.

NEW FOREST. The Guest House, Godshill, Fordingbridge, Hants. Lovely country. Tennis, riding, river, bathing. Vegetarians welcome. Apply MR. LENNARD. Tel. No.: 2168.

KENT. Restful accommodation. Old-world village. Main services, constant hot water, efficient catering. Garage. 'Phone 52. MRS. MILLS, Cottage Farm, Smarden.

W. SUSSEX 15th-cent. Guest House, modernised. Downs, garden, tennis, golf, sea, easy reach. ALLUM, Thatched Eaves, Bignor, Pulborough. (Sutton 229).

SALTDEAN, Brighton. GLENDOWER, first-class guest house. Tel.: Rottingdean 9552.

GREAT MISSENDEN. Little Georgian house in an orchard. Lovely country. Civilised comfort and cooking. Week-ends, £1; 50s. weekly inclusive. Tel.: 127. WILLIAMS, Whitefield Cottage.

FOR happy, carefree holiday come to Keel Bay Hotel (Keel, Achill Island, Co. Mayo, Eire). Overlooking Keel's lovely Bay and wonderful strand. Ideal bathing. Marvellous mountain scenery. Homely, comfortable place to stay. Terms moderate. Garage. Railway bus stops door. Open Easter for summer. Apply MANGAN

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

IRELAND. A few select guests taken in country mansion, delightful surroundings. Mountain scenery. Brochure on application. Ballintaggart, Collinstown, Co. Killarney.

ISLE OF WIGHT. Beautifully situated own grounds overlooking sea and Downs. Golf adjacent. Excellent cooking. Garage. YOUNG, Stonehenge, Chale.

WICKLOW MOUNTAINS. London 10 hours. Charming cottage; unique situation, open moors. Excellent cooking. Terms: YOUNG, Carrigoona Cottage, Kilmacanogue, Co. Wicklow.

PLANNING a Holiday? Make it more than a change of scene—make it a plan for better health. Restore your energy amid glorious surroundings at HARROGATE. The Cheap Monthly Returns by Rail are very helpful too. Guide free from L. Wilshere, Information Bureau, Harrogate.

RANMORE LODGE, Dorking, Surrey, on glorious Ranmore Common. 2½ gns. week. Telephone: Westcott 163.

ANGLESEY. Benllech Bay. Unrivalled situation. Full board accommodation from 42s. Good food and freedom. Opening June 4th. Gwynfa, Marianglas, Anglesey.

ROMANY HOUSE, Yetholm, Kelso. Glorious situation, perfect comfort. Splendid centre for Borders.

LAKES. Beautiful Buttermere. "*VICTORIA*," leading hotel. Electricity, Hot water, Swiss balconies, Golf

DORKING, Bracondale. Comfortable, quiet Guest House, adjoining beautiful open country. Dorking 2732.

WEST OF IRELAND, Achill Head Hotel, Achill Island, Co. Mayo. Situated amidst magnificent scenery. Hot and cold running water; motor launch belonging to hotel for deep sea fishing and cruising; electric light; fully licensed. A.A., R.I.A.C., I.T.A. Appointments. Full particulars, apply PROPRIETOR.

DORSET IN SPRING. Small but charming XIVth-century guest-house; elec. light, bath, telephone, excellent cooking, home-made bread. The Pitch Market, Cerne Abbas.

WEST OF IRELAND. Strand Hotel, Dugort, Achill Isle, Co. Mayo. Beautifully situated on finest bathing strand in Ireland. Magnificent scenery. Ideal centre for exploring Island. Fully licensed; excellent cuisine. Hot and cold water. Good sea. White and Brown trout fishing. Terms moderate. Under new management. TOM SHERIDAN, Proprietor.

ASHDOWN FOREST. Charming HOME for guests. 14 bedrooms, private bathrooms, good English cooking, home poultry and vegetables, central heating. 7 acres of beautiful garden with tennis etc. Garage. THE CLOCK HOUSE, NUTLEY, SUSSEX. 'Phone: NUTLEY 96.

ENGLISH LAKES. Visit the unique Langdale Estate and enjoy holidays that are different. Accommodation of every type in beautiful grounds. An excellent centre for walking, touring and climbing. Comfort with simplicity and good food. Booklet LANGDALE ESTATE, Langdale, Ambleside. 'Phone: Grasmere 82.

WALK in unspoilt northern Hampshire; stay at Hawley House, Whitchurch. Week-end £1 1s.

BENBECULA, Ditchling, Sussex. Small guest house. Delightful position facing Downs. H. & c. all rooms. Moderate terms. Telephone: Hassocks 146.

EASTBOURNE, "Mona" House, Compton St. Small comfortable private hotel, two mins. sea, Devonshire Park. Mod. inclusive terms. 'Phone: 2597. MATTHEWS.

BALLYCASTLE, Co. Antrim. Charming old house, run as Guest House. Overlooking sea, tennis courts. Golf links. Free trout fishing. Good bathing. Apply MRS. PRIESTLEY, Raghery House.

EDINBURGH, 4 Rothesay Place. Central. Good beds. Personal supervision. MCGREGOR. 'Phone: 23601.

CORNWALL. Unspoiled village guest house, overlooking harbour, river. Modern conveniences. Excellent cuisine. Beautiful coast and country. Boating, bathing, fishing, golf, tennis. MISS GARLAND, Wellside, Polruan-by-Fowey.

FOLKESTONE
Come to Lymbrook, 22 Castle Hill Avenue, bijou hotel. Catering and comfort are specialities. From 3 gns. Write MISS JAMES.

OXFORD. Board residence in comfortable home. Good food. Pleasant garden. 10s. 6d. per day. 2½ guineas weekly. 251 Woodstock Road, Oxford.

RESTFUL holiday. Interesting country. Sea, excellent bathing. Good food. Modern beds. MR. PEREIRA, East Wittering, Sussex.

GLORIOUS COTSWOLDS. Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham. Convenient centre rail or road. Modernised throughout. Excellent cuisine. Terms from 2½ gns.

MALT HOUSE, Uckfield, Sussex. Small pleasant guest house in perfect country, 20 miles from sea. Beds and cuisine a speciality. Special terms for week-ends. 'Phone: Uckfield 245.

DORSET. Cerne Abbas. Furnished XVth-century cottage. Sleep 3. Oil cooking. 24 Highfield Crescent, Southampton.

SEAMOUNT HOTEL, Mountcherles, Co. Donegal, Ireland. Bathing, fishing, tennis, golf. Day 10s., 50s. to 60s. per week. I.T.A. appointment.

CORNWALL. St. Michael's House, Delabole. Board-residence, near sea and moors, own farm produce, all modern conveniences, safe bathing and surfing. 2–3½ gns. weekly. MRS. M. MULES.

DEVON and the CARAVAN. Write for free booklet from the Pathfinder Hire and Sales Service, Tedburn St. Mary, Exeter. Tedburn St. Mary 39.

FISHPONDS, South Stoke, near Goring-on-Thames. Small exclusive Guest House. Tennis, swimming, punting. 'Phone: GOR. 150.

WYE VALLEY. Craft, industry and GUEST HOUSE. Students and guests. Vegetarian Diet. Barn House, Brockweir, Mon.

TWO sisters, farmer's daughters, offer accommodation in own home; farm produce, good food, every comfort, near town, sea and golf. 2½ gns. inclusive. MANUELL, Deloraine, St. Austell, Cornwall.

CORNWALL. Farmhouse, board-residence. Near sea and golf. Photographs. Mrs. Jelbert, Trewhiddle, St. Austell.

NORTH CORNWALL, POLZEATH. To let, furnished bungalow; sleep 6. Modern conveniences. STEPHENS, Tor View, Delabole.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA: 15-day conducted tour to Prague, Grand Tatra and Bohemia for 60th anniversary Czech Social Democratic Party. Leader: Lt.-Commander E. P. Young. Inclusive price, £12 12s. Leave London May 28th, arriving back June 12th. Write: PROSPECT TOURS, LTD., 115 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

IN A RIVIERA VALLEY, a country house with sunny, sheltered terrace and gardens leading to the sea, you will find absolute quiet, modern comforts. Pension: Winter, from 40 frs. Summer, from 50 frs. LES PALMERAIES DE VALMER, LA CROIX, VAR, FRANCE.

MIEDERS-STUBAITAL-TIROL, by bus ½ hour from Innsbruck. 3,000 above sea-level. Ideally situated for winter sports. Pension terms Engl. sh. 7s. daily. For particulars apply HERR BECK, Gasthof Kreuter

AUGUST CRUISE TO GREEK ISLANDS
Aug. 21st–Sept. 8th, 1938
VENICE, Dubrovnik, OLYMPIA, ATHENS, LESBOS, Mt. Pelion, MT. ATHOS, Samothrace, THERMOPYLAE, CRETE, DELPHI
From 28 gns., fully inclusive London-Venice return.
ANGLO-HELLENIC TOURS Ltd.,
8 Princes House, Princes Arcade, Piccadilly, W.1.

RIVIERA. HOTEL DE LA MER, Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 7s. inclusive.

BAVARIA. Cultured German family receives paying guests. Comfortable home, beautiful position. Excursions mountains, lakes. Good food. German lessons if desired. Moderate terms. Reference: MISS SCHOFIELD, 159 Sutherland Avenue, W.9.

SPRING and early summer on south coast of Brittany. Guests received in modernised house. 50 acres private grounds on sea near Concarneau. Open Easter to October. Bathing, fishing, boating, sailing. Excellent tourist centre; car. French conversation. 65 frs. MADAME CHAUVET, Stang Bihan, Beuzec Conq, Finistere.

PYRENEES. Anglo-French family would receive few guests in quiet comfortable country house. Write MME. DANNATT, Rébenacq (B. Pyr.), France.

Throughout his narrative is inevitably coloured by his policy; for a believer in the family Means Test can hardly write a book which will be acceptable to those who regard this method as radically unjust. But he has manifestly tried to be fair in his description, and those who want a handy summary of what has been done since Sir William Beveridge published his revised *Unemployment* will find Mr. Davison's little book a very convenient work of rapid reference. G. D. H. COLE

SHORTER NOTICES

The Hostel of the Good Shepherd. By KENT WHITE. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 1s.

This is a well-written account of a small but very admirable enterprise. The author, an Anglican priest, working at Tredegar, one of the blackest "special areas" of hopeless unemployment, started a hostel to provide food for the under-nourished children, and gradually this hostel developed into a club which helped adults also with food, clothing, recreation, and hope. The author writes with conviction about the inadequacy of the dole, the cruelty of the Means Test and the wickedness of a system that entails continued and unescapable suffering upon so many. He speaks with great humanity even of the dog-racing, football pools and cinemas which are "the inevitable morphia of a sick society: the little relief they provide is generally just enough to make life in a distressed area tolerable." He admits that enterprises like this Hostel are only "ambulance work," but insists upon the duty of helping the individual, though the social problem remains unsolved. His book is most moving as a description of abominable misery and its alleviation. There could be no stronger proof of life in the Church than the provision of hundreds of such hostels—will such proof appear? Fr. White is justly severe upon the "respectability" that too often muffles ecclesiastical activities. His book commands the respect and admiration of the non-Anglican reader—will it, one wonders, excite the attention it deserves from our journalistic Deans?

How to Plan Print. By JOHN CHARLES TARR. *Crosby Lockwood.* 7s. 6d.

Between the type-founders and the bigger printers it is easy enough to acquire plenty of type specimens, and it is one of the good features of Mr. Tarr's little book that he makes no attempt to cover this ground, but amplifies it by giving brief notes on the qualities and uses of most of the well-known types, as well as some of the lesser-known faces. His main purpose, however, is to help the would-be typographer to understand the simple rules that govern effectiveness in print; and to say that he achieves his purpose as well as Joseph Thorp did twenty years ago in *Printing for Business* is to give Mr. Tarr high praise. Legibility, harmony, proportion, layout, and a host of other matters affecting printing design are dealt with in a thoroughly clear and practical manner.

A New Approach to Cancer. By JAMES C. THOMSON. *Thorsons.* 2s. 6d.

This book presents the commonsense view that by avoiding cumulative systemic poisons the body may be kept healthy and so provide a most unsuitable nidus for the development of such metabolic aberrations as cancer. No claims are made to startling discoveries, no promise of miracles, just a method of approach to a cure, but one which has this peculiar and distinct advantage over all the orthodox treatments, there is no monumental mass of negative evidence to be explained away. The main ideas expressed by the author are by no means new to a certain section of the public, many of the remaining section would not interest themselves in a book of this style nor would they dream of making their quietus with anything less than a tenant of Harley Street. From this latter section of the public, however, comes most of the money and many of the actual experimenters that keep up the cancer research cycle. The medical man is not to be blamed if the public mind gets somewhat muddled over the distinction between research and the discovery of a cure. Only a few examples of the major sources of body poisons could be given in a book of this size, but the available data on this particular aspect of the subject would easily supply material for a good-sized volume.

The Life of Mrs. John Brown: Including Her Recollections of Olive Schreiner. Edited by ANGELA JAMES and NINA HILLS. *John Murray.* 6s.

Mrs. Brown was the ardent supporter of the Temperance Movement; Poor Law Guardian; saviour of the sick and feeble-minded; adviser in philanthropic enterprises and tackler of moral problems in South Africa. This book of memoirs, edited by the two daughters of Lady Shuttleworth, has a Scottish flavour, but more in the light of sermons, shining bravely in the slums and hospitals of Edinburgh and later through the smell of oil and size and cotton-waste in a dark Lancashire factory town. So great was the devotion inspired by Mrs. Brown, her meetings had regular attendance even by two men with one jacket between them, "Charlie goes first with t' jacket on, and Harry t' next meeting." Even the police turned for her help, whether it was a drunkard, a fallen girl, or a lad led astray. Children would knock at the door of this indomitable woman, crying, "Please coom, Mrs. Dr. Brown, Faither's been sooping." The Browns' spare bedroom put up all manner of guests, from the original General Booth to Karl Marx's daughter and Olive Schreiner. Mrs. Brown's memoirs are somewhat morbid in their appeal, with stories of death and deformity, but she writes pleasantly if a little sentimentally, and we feel that both she and the sinner got a good kick out of her rescue work. All sects and societies claimed her. Jewish by birth, reared as a Congregationalist, she became an Anglican, yet some said her outlook was Quaker, whilst a Roman Catholic assured her that she was "really a Catholic at heart," and the Unitarian, like the Salvationist, exclaimed, "Oh, but you are one of us." Others called her a Socialist. Well, a versatile faith has its virtues, but we wish that Mrs. Brown had not listened quite so sympathetically to the bees booming in the Salvation Army bonnets—she was at her best when she was dusting and reading Edward Carpenter propped up on the mantelpiece.

Week-end Competitions

No. 427

Set by Graham Bell

A first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea are offered for a short poem on the subject of Queen Victoria rescued from flames by Lord Tennyson by any one of the following, supposing him to be an eye-witness of the affair: Hopkins, Shelley, W. H. Auden, Oscar Wilde, Stevie Smith, Edward Lear, Hilaire Belloc, Wordsworth.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, May 20th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 425

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer the usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) for the best poem, apparently written by Mr. T. S. Eliot, on the subject of his portrait rejected by the Academy; alternatively, the retort of an Academician, in the style of Alfred Austin.

Report by G. W. Stonier

Unfortunately, I had omitted to set a limit to length and one competitor sent me, by air mail, a whole Waste Land. I read it, Greek and all. Others delighted in footnotes. Others spelt Eliot with two t's. But most of those who went in for this competition evidently knew their Eliot extremely well and represented him in all phases, from early Prufrock to late Rock. "We are the rejected men," began several poems. Another:

> We are the R.A.'s,
> Old men hanging together,
> Men without art . . .
>
> (Thomas Bodkin).

And Katherine Busvine hit the nail with:

> This is the way the world ends
> Not with a bang but a banquet.

But on the whole, the poem by Mr. Eliot which produced the best imitations was his Sunday Morning Service. Two or three competitors succeeded in making verses as good as this:

> Wyndham's violent daubs may err
> In compassing artistic ends,
> But the Real Art need never stir
> To gather in its dividends. (L. W. Bailey).

While "A. P.-R.," in an elaborate set of verses, thus depicts the ceremony of the Hanging Committee:

> The painted prisoners at the bar
> Lie, framed-up in wormy oak:
> The all-discerning avatar
> Declines the proffered equivoke,
>
> Patiently, observes the bland
> Self-portraiture of venial sins
> Full-length. One hieratic hand
> Beckons the sheepish cherubins.

APPOINTMENTS, VACANT & WANTED

PUBLIC SERVICE OF NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA
EAST SYDNEY (NEW SOUTH WALES) TECHNICAL COLLEGE
LECTURER-IN-CHARGE, ART DEPARTMENT

APPLICATIONS are invited from British subjects for the position of LECTURER-IN-CHARGE, Art Department, East Sydney Technical College, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia (Educational Division). Salary £A786 p.a., which equals £628 16s. sterling at the present rate of exchange (subject to deduction under the New South Wales Superannuation Act, 1916).

Qualifications required are:

(*a*) organising ability and experience;
(*b*) a special knowledge of one particular Branch of Art;
(*c*) a general knowledge of all Departments of Art; and
(*d*) the capacity to stimulate the students and the public in art matters.

The appointee will be required to pass a medical examination, to serve a probationary period of twelve months and to be prepared to go to Sydney shortly after appointment.

Salary will be paid from the date the selected applicant arrives in Sydney and the actual travelling expenses of the selected applicant and his family to Sydney up to a maximum amount of £A200 will be allowed.

Six copies of applications and any supporting documents should be lodged with the office of the Agent General for New South Wales, Wellington House, 125, Strand, London, W.C.2, by 30th June, 1938.

There are no special forms of application but further particulars of the work may be obtained from the Agent General.

ACKWORTH SCHOOL
NR. PONTEFRACT, YORKS.

Applications are invited from Gentlewomen with the necessary training and experience for the post of HOUSEKEEPER, which will be vacant in September. The post is a responsible one, normally includes the functions of School Hostess, and carries a good salary. Full details and Application Form may be obtained from the Secretary, Ackworth School, to whom application should be sent not later than 27th May.

WIDOW of author requires work. Thoroughly trained in literary practice. Excellent memory. Box 1663.

DESIRED, Partner-successor in long-established private girls' school on progressive lines. Generous terms to right woman; graduate, age 30–40, experienced; practical idealist. Application (confidential) to PRINCIPAL, Box 1592.

HOUSEKEEPER-SECRETARY (not young) wanted by a bachelor. A light post, with a comfortable home and small salary. Must be fond of the country and have a sense of humour. Write fully, stating interests, etc. Box 1722.

MAN (24), travelled, sound secretarial experience, organisational ability, literary ability, seeks post. Box 1721.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

REPORTING, SHORTHAND, DUPLICATING. Technical MSS. and Plays a Speciality. Verbatim or condensed reporting. Temporary Shorthand-Typists provided.—METROPOLITAN TYPING AND REPORTING OFFICE, 75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. Tel.: Holborn 6182.

DUPLICATING and TYPEWRITING, etc. Authors' MSS. Novels, Plays, Schedules, etc. All work guaranteed proof-read and checked. PROMPT SECRETARIAL SERVICES, LIMITED 7 Princes St., Hanover Sq., W.1 (Mayfair 3163-4).

DUPLICATING and Typewriting, Authors' MSS., etc. SOUTH LONDON TYPEWRITING BUREAU, 51 Ruskin Walk, Herne Hill, S.E.24. Brixton 2863.

MANUSCRIPTS typed by expert. Technical, literary novels, plays and poetry. PEGGY SUTTON, 8 Cleveland Square, W.2.

LOANS

ADVANCES, £30 to £30,000. Private and immediate REGIONAL TRUST LTD., 8 Clifford Street Bond Street, London, W.1. Tel.: Regent 5983.

CASH Loans from £20 promptly advanced without security. Write, 'phone or call. ALBEMARLE INVESTMENTS, LTD. 45 Albemarle St., Piccadilly, London, W.1. Regent 6978.

FISHING

MILTON LOCH, Galloway, 5½ hours from London. Quality trout fishing; last season's average weight 1 lb. 10 oz. Fly only. Boats (two rods), 10s. per day. Apply Galloway Arms Hotel, Crocketford, Dumfriesshire.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates, and all information on page 853.

YOU can obtain a DEGREE

NO matter what your position or prospects, a University Degree is a good thing to have. You can obtain a London University Degree without 'going into residence' or attending lectures. It is necessary only to pass three exams. You can do all your reading for these AT HOME AND IN LEISURE HOURS with the experienced help of Wolsey Hall (founded in 1894). Conducted by a staff of 56 Graduate Tutors, Wolsey Hall courses have enabled hundreds of men and women to graduate, thereby increasing their mental abilities, widening their outlook, and raising their status.

● **Write for Free Prospectus,** saying if your preference is for Arts, Science, Economics, Commerce, Law or Theology. Address the Director of Studies, Dept. VH85,

Wolsey Hall, Oxford

PROPRIETORS: DIPLOMA CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, LTD.

TRAINING CENTRES

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford. Principal: MISS STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fee £165 per annum. For prospectus apply SECRETARY.

THE WESTMINSTER TUTORS.
Miss Freeston, M.A. Oxon, Miss Nance, B.A.Lond. and experienced staff, undertake coaching for University, School, and Civil Service examinations. (Men or women students.) Small groups for Matriculation, etc. Individual tuition in weak subjects. Modern language classes. English for foreigners. Reasonable charges. For prospectus, advice and list of recent successes, apply 2 Westminster Palace Gardens, Artillery Row, S.W.1 (beside the Army and Navy Stores). Interviews by appointment only. Tel.: Abbey 2976.

THE BEDFORD FROEBEL TRAINING COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS, 14 The Crescent, Bedford. Recognised by the Board of Education. Principal: MISS MARGARET SPENCE. Students are prepared for the examination of the National Froebel Union. The course of training is for 3 years. Fees with residence £94 10s. to £100 16s. Fees without residence £31 10s. For particulars apply SECRETARY.

A DEGREE is possible for YOU. Now that Candidates for a London Degree who are 23 or over may take the shorter Special Entrance Exam. instead of Matriculation, the way to a Degree is easier. 856 Wolsey Hall students have passed the London Special Entrance Examination.—Free Guide to London Univ. Degrees and particulars of Home Study Courses from DIRECTOR OF STUDIES, Dept. VH902, WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD.

THE PROFESSION WITH NO UNEMPLOYMENT
Complete Teacher's Training for Girls in all Branches of Physical Education. Gymnastics, Games, Dancing, Swimming.
ANSTEY PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE.
A recognised training centre for the Diploma of the University of London in Physical Education, also for the Certificate of the Chartered Society in Massage and Medical Gymnastics.
Particulars from: THE SECRETARY, Anstey College, Erdington, Birmingham.

THE LING PHYSICAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION (An Association of Teachers trained in the Theory and Practice of Physical Education).
All information, including list of publications, obtainable from Miss P. SPAFFORD, Secretary, Hamilton House, Bidborough Street, London, W.C.1.

CAMBRIDGE TRAINING COLLEGE FOR WOMEN (Post-Graduate).
Recognised by the Board of Education.
Principal: MISS H. DENT, M.A.
A residential college providing a year's professional training in preparation for the Cambridge University Certificate in Education. Students are eligible for grants. Admission in January and September. For particulars apply to the PRINCIPAL.

EDUCATIONAL MATERIAL

AUTO-EDUCATION, 46 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1 Self-teaching, babies, infants, juniors. MUS. 7891

LANGUAGES

THE LINGUISTS' CLUB, 84 Kingsway, W.C.2. Graded conversation in six languages. Continental snack-bar. All club facilities. HOL. 2921/2.

ACCOMMODATION
To Let and Wanted

COMING to London? Your own beautifully appointed service room from 5s. 6d. per night. Large doubles from 50s. per week. This includes baths and breakfast. 29 West Cromwell Road, S.W.5. 'Phone Flax. 1181.

72 OXFORD TERRACE, W.2. Modern Divan Rooms. Concealed h. and c. House 'phones. Ten baths. Meals optional. From 25s., double 2 *gns.* PAD. 3017.

VICTORIA. Bed and breakfast from 25s. p.w. H. and c. in all rooms. 87 Hugh Street, S.W.1, Vic. 5041.

BLOOMSBURY. In a quiet cul-de-sac, one large comfortably furnished room to let at 26s. a week, inclusive of cleaning, electric light, hot baths and linen. 15 Heathcote Street, W.C.1. Telephone Terminus 3822 before noon or after 7 p.m.

HOLLAND PARK. Large, bright rooms, newly decorated, overlooking garden square, concealed, h. and c., gas fires and rings. 22s. 6d., including breakfast and service. One min. buses. Meals optional. Park 4029.

SWISS COTTAGE. Really comfortable divan rooms, simply furnished and sanely decorated. Partial board from 35s. PRI. 6466.

UNFURNISHED Swiss Cottage, near Embassy Theatre, also 5 minutes Belsize Park Tube. Attractive large rooms or studios, pleasant redecorated house, every comfort and convenience. Service and meals, your own cooking facilities. Clients' happiness considered. £1–30s. Artistic attics, 10s. and 12s. 6d. 24 Belsize Park, N.W.3. Primrose 6039.

EXCEPTIONALLY good divan rooms, newly decorated, furnished. H. and c. Dining room. Garden. Close Tube, buses. Breakfast and dinner, from 2 gns. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. 'Phone: Maida Vale 1930.

LUXURIOUS SUITES, FLATS, FLATLETS, etc., in both town and country. Personally inspected and recommended. Expert advice given. ANNE PAGE, Dorland House, 14 Lower Regent Street. WHI. 3258.

42 Finchley Road, St. John's Wood. Very large room on ground floor with delightful sun parlour adjoining. £2.

CHELSEA. Georgian house, pleasant outlook; 2 rooms, use of bath, kitchenette, const. hot water. 25s. a week. 'Phone: Sloane 6663 during office hours.

HAMPSTEAD Garden Suburb. Large furnished bed-sitting room. Modern house. C.h.w. 16s. Garage if required. 9 Ludlow Way, Falloden Way. Tudor 5607

NOT a speck of dust in comfy rooms at 7 & 8 MECKLENBURGH STREET, W.C.1. Restful divans; many shelves. From 16s. 6d. p.w.

CAMDEN TOWN. Pleasant room in well-appointed flat. Furnished or unfurnished. With or without service. Box 1730.

WESTMINSTER. Small divan room in modern flat, with breakfast, 25s. Box 1614.

LARGE bed-sitting room, brick fireplace, bookshelves, comfortable armchairs. Telephone. Use kitchen. 25s. ATHOL, 58a Warwick Road, Earls Court.

HAMPSTEAD. Partial board from 25s. Delightful bed-stg. rooms, h. and c., gardens, tennis. 6 Greencroft Gardens, N.W.6. MAI. 4137.

16 DOUGHTY ST., W.C.1. unfurnished rooms, newly decorated. Top floor, well-appointed house. ROWAN. HOL. 7535.

AT 10 SUSSEX PLACE, off Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park, W.2. Modern newly furnished and decorated service rooms, from 25s. p.w. No extras. All meals optional. International. Padd. 8653.

SLOANE SQ. Furnished Flat to Let, 3–6 mo. Piano, radio, p. and l., pri. terrace, sit. rm., dbl. bedrm., din. or sing. bedrm., bath, kit., service available. 7–8 *gns.* p.w., according to term. SLO. 4767.

W.C.1. 12 Bedford Place, adj. Bloomsbury Square. Divan rooms for gents. H. and c. basins, superior house, every comfort. Bkfast. and service 1r. 32s. 6d. 'Phone: Museum 1551.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD. Large well-furnished balcony flatlet. 27s. 6d. weekly; single rooms, 15s. each. Quiet. Garden outlook. 15 Abercorn Place, N.W.8. MAI. 5052.

WESTMINSTER, near Whitehall. Bed-sitting room for professional man or student in private flat. Box 1766.

UNFURNISHED. Swiss Cottage. Delightful, large sunny rooms, overlooking garden. Comfortable redecorated house. Service, meals, available. Ideal situation. 17s. 6d. to 25s. 16 Belsize Square. PRI. 6757.

A FEW gentlepeople invited to complete small group sharing pleasant home, Swiss Cottage. Friendliness without intrusiveness; good, simple food; spacious rooms furnished/unfurnished; c.h.w.; garden. MAI. 1962.

BUSY parent with schoolchild offered large, bright room in well-run home, Hampstead, with some relief from responsibility for child's meals and supervision. Garden: c.h.w.; 'phone. Box 1776.

The other, sinister, assumes
Capricious sovereignty of goats:
Unhousell'd from expensive tombs
Lesbians, Bulgars, Cypriotes . . .

Jokes about hanging were almost as common as in the actual speeches broadcast from the Academy Banquet, though here, of course, the Hanged Man assumed a Tarot significance. And several competitors found a new meaning in "April is the cruellest month."

Retorts by Academicians were few, but pleasant. Towanbucket's *The R.A.'s Song* had gay moments:

Our canvases are green and blue
With honest grass and sky:
The groups of cattle that we do
Are peaceful to the eye. . . .
Please God no dauber here shall mock
These walls of ours and Thine. . . .

—but elsewhere his verses proved monotonous, and they lacked that touch of excruciating badness which would have made them funny.

The first prize goes to two Eliots, by T. Frost and John Mair, between whom there is little to choose, and the second to the best of the Academicians, by C. A. Furbank.

FIRST PRIZE (1)

ABNEGATION

A hard sitting I had of it
Sitting on a hard chair:
On such a hard chair in a smart suit
Such a smart suit and a collar. There were times
When I regretted the silken softness of a cinema.
Some knowledge of a face which the world was compelled to witness
Had drawn my feet . . . .
I was forced to sit waiting
Nebulous, nullified, transmogrified totally
To a veil-like state of existence.

At the end I preferred to sit it all night,
Sleeping not even in snatches:
Only leaving the seat when I was quite unable to—
"Wait," said Wyndham. I waited.

I have seen Birth and Death
And now that the rot of rejection
Has doomed to damnation an unacademical soul—
Should I have the right to smile? T. FROST

FIRST PRIZE (2)

MR. T. S. ELIOT ON HIS PORTRAIT

Anti-post-impressionist
Academicians relegate
Art to oblivion: approve
An apple couchant on a plate.

Lewellyn shifts from sham to sham,
Hearing the stirrings of the Blast;
While Soho whets its palette-knife
To geld the lilies of the past.

Landseer trembles in his frame,
The Georgian façade crumbles down,
The Apes of God are scrambling up
The tumbling walls of Burlington.

Shall Wyndham found a nobler mode
And salt the tailless Paraclete?
But Sweeny scribbles on a bust
"Cras tibi," and remains discreet.

JOHN MAIR

SECOND PRIZE

A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN GIVES HIS ANSWER

What could we say to them but "Nay" in sooth,
When they their champion brought into the lists?
"This is a hall of art, sirs, not a booth
In which to try with inartistic fists.

"Enough of theories! What have ye to show?"
"See how the face is drawn," they swift replied.
"Aye well we marked it, solemnly and slow,
And marked the figures grouped at either side.

We cared not what the consequence might be,
Our bounden duty stood before our eyes,
We shall refuse it while mankind be free,
E'en though they shout its praises to the skies.

Impartial Gods our consciences are clear.
Yea! they may sneer or threaten to resign;
We'll face them all as some rough Highland steer
Proud to protect our well-beloved kine.

Nay Wyndham Lewis, trifling will not do,
For we are gi'en the nation's art in trust,
We dare not do a deed that we might rue
Lest our bright sword be spotted o'er with rust."

C. A. FURBANK

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 280.—THE CROSS-COUNTRY FINALS

"I've often thought," said Sprintwell, "that the Cross-Country finals at Blenkinsop would provide material for a problem."

"Do tell me about them."

"Well," said Sprintwell, "this is how they were organised. Ten chaps were chosen for the finals—one from each House—and each of them had to do the best he could, because he was running for his House. None of your first, second, and third business. Every runner scored points, because his final score might be negative—according to the Smith-Dingo formula; and what he won—or lost—was clocked up to the account of his House in the final reckoning for the Inter-House Athletic Trophy."

"I follow you so far," said I.

"I should jolly well hope you did," said Sprintwell. "Well, now: about these points. The ten selected runners ran over a scheduled course, and at the end of the run they were divided into 3 classes. Class A runners were those who had covered the course in less than so many minutes; Class B runners had taken less than so many more minutes; the remaining runners went in Class C. No one knew what the times in question were, until after the race; so we all had to sprint as hard as we jolly well could. And now for the marking—the Smith-Dingo formula—I'm sure you'll agree it's ingenious.

"This was it. A chap in Class A scored 2 points in respect of each runner in Class B and 5 points in respect of each runner in Class C. A chap in Class B scored 2 points in respect of each runner in Class C, and lost 3 points in respect of each runner in Class A. And a chap in Class C—well, he got it in the neck. He lost 2 points in respect of each runner in Class B, and 5 points in respect of each runner in Class A."

I pondered. "On that basis," I said, "the net aggregate points scored by the ten runners must generally have been negative."

"Why, yes," said Sprintwell. "They were. Jolly bright of you to see it so quickly, though. I ran three times for my House, Dickery's—and, on balance, taking the three years together, 17 points were lost. I've forgotten, though, how many were lost in each of the three several years. I daresay you can work it out."

"I shouldn't think I could," said I. "Sounds like very inadequate data. Can you remember, by any chance, how many points you scored each year? Or perhaps that's not a tactful question?"

"Oh yes, it is," said Sprintwell. "I made a plus score each year—and the same plus score each year, too."

What was Sprintwell's plus score each year?

PROBLEM NO. 278.—GRINDGEAR'S REGISTRATION NUMBER.

Solution by A. C. Young

The answer is 9240.

Let the sum of the primes referred to be m.

Then
$$a = m - 1$$
$$b = m + 1$$
$$c = 100 - 2m$$

We now have to give m values from 17 to 49 in the expression

$$\frac{1}{m-1} + \frac{1}{m+1} + \frac{1}{100-2m}$$

and in each case reduce to a fraction in its lowest terms.

The next step is to factorise the numerators. In cases where the same prime factor occurs twice, the value of m concerned can be rejected (it is assumed that the primes referred to in the problem are all different).

In the remaining cases we have to make up the number of primes to four where necessary and arrange, if possible, for the primes to sum to the value of m concerned.

We are left eventually with one possible value for m, viz. :—29. This gives:

$$a = 28$$
$$b = 30$$
$$c = 42$$

The primes are 2, 3, 11, 13, and m is 9240.

PROBLEM NO. 277.—SPOTTEM

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: Miss J. M. Buckley, Woodcroft Castle, Glinton, Peterborough.

Four points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

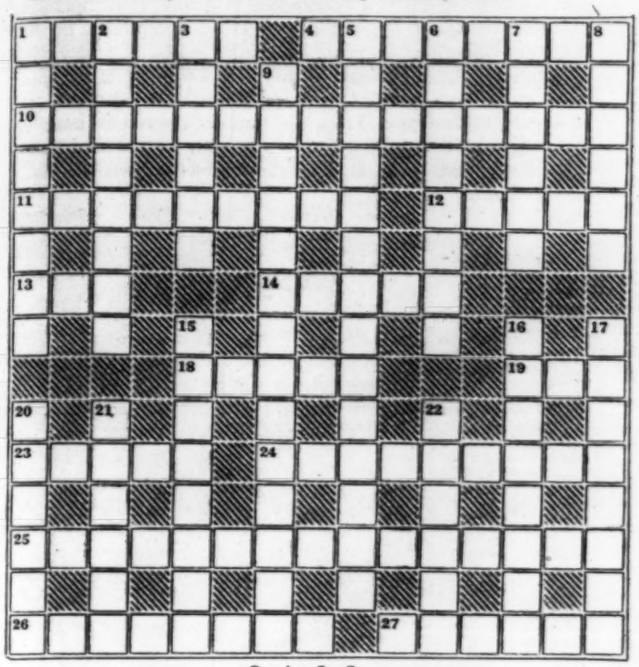
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 427

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
F. E. Dixon, 89 Midland Road, Peterborough, Northants

ACROSS

1. It might be called sideways building. (6)
4. 19 flavouring. (8)
10. Not the truth about farming. (15)
11. Prevents those who take things lying down from getting cold feet. (9)
12. Did the poet prefer his own fireside? (5)
13. It gets driven off. (3)
14. You can go to Corunna direct in this. (5)
18. Angry—at being verminous? (5)
19. Everyone is made to look little by the Sergeant-Major. (3)
23. He was trained at Lancing. (5)
24. Condition when repairs are most speedily executed. (9)
25. It's a fair way home from this. (15)
26. Such a woman isn't really at all mousey. (8)
27. Joins up, for a stand no doubt. (6)

DOWN

1. Teeth that catch in the machinery. (8)
2. How every living person may be a Herbert. (8)
3. Orion's prayer. (6)
5. Another name for the Royal Marines in the moon. (14)
6. A sort of wool gatherer. (8)
7. Such infants do not carry weapons. (6).
8. Betters perhaps. (6).
9. What are we coming to? These profess to know. (14)
15. A fresh kind of course. (8)
16. H e r m i t who would spoil (for) a fight. (8)
17. In case one of them should be playfully kicked. (8)
20. Often presented to Royalty out of charity. (6)
21. Wishful people often look for it in 4 parts. (6)
22. Kitchener held this river. (6)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

A	P	S	E	S	■	L	A	M	B	S	W	O	O	L
S	■	P	■	O	■	I	■	O	■	T	■	N	■	A
S	H	A	R	P	E	N	■	G	A	R	M	E	N	T
E	■	R	■	R	■	E	■	A	■	A	■	N	■	T
T	H	E	C	A	T	A	N	D	F	I	D	D	L	E
■	■	R	■	N	■	G	■	O	■	T	■	■	■	R
P	R	O	P	O	S	E	■	R	E	S	C	U	E	D
E	■	O	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	N	■	A	■	■
N	U	M	B	E	R	S	■	C	A	L	L	B	O	Y
T	■	■	■	N	■	A	■	R	■	A	■	E	■	■
A	S	O	N	G	O	F	S	I	X	P	E	N	C	E
G	■	R	■	L	■	F	■	N	■	L	■	D	■	L
R	E	P	L	I	E	R	■	G	R	A	Z	I	N	G
A	■	E	■	S	■	O	■	E	■	N	■	N	■	I
M	A	N	Y	H	A	N	D	S	■	D	A	G	O	N

HOUSES, FLATS, PROPERTY, etc.
For Sale, To Let, and Wanted

SUMMER in Sussex. Three furnished rooms. Use of kitchen, etc. Elmcroft, Billingshurst.

CHARMINGLY furnished flat, sunny. Four rooms. Bathroom, kitchen, c.h.w., garden. 3½ gns. weekly. 21 Lancaster Grove, Hampstead.

SUSSEX. Farmhouse, semi-detached on private estate, to let unfurnished; 8 rooms, bath, garage, well water, no gas or electricity, lovely views. 25 Jubilee Place, Chelsea, S.W.3.

WORTHING. Artistic detached house, large garden, close sea, to let furnished. 8 rooms, 2 baths, electricity, Ascot heater. 6 *gns.* Box 1727.

STUDIO TO LET FURNISHED. Constable's studio and 3 rooms. Summer months at £3 per week. Apply CRAIG, 76 Charlotte St., W.1. Museum 2119.

SUNNY comfortable furnished flat to let, for 2 to 3 months. Chelsea, 15 minutes Piccadilly; 2 reception, 3 bedrooms. 4 *gns.* per week. Daily woman available. 'Phone: Flaxman 3180 or write Box 1746.

SURREY. Furnished house to let for some months from July 1st; 4 bedrooms. Beautifully situated. Easy reach of London. Apply to owner by letter: "Hillside," Outwood Lane, Kingswood. Personal interview arranged any day near Charing Cross.

CORNWALL. To let furnished, near Tintagel, well-equipped cottage; 2 sitting rooms, 4 bedrooms; sleep 5. Bathroom, h. and c. Cookanheat range. Garden. Available last week June to end August. DR. TAYLOR, Vine House, Sevenoaks.

CHILTERN HILLS. Furnished bungalow to let; 4 rooms, kitchen, bath, electricity, main water. £2 p.w. Write MACHATTON, Speen, Aylesbury, Bucks.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD. Attractive 3-roomed furnished maisonette, own k. and b. 46s. weekly. Telephone: (weekdays) Primrose 6004.

BRIGHTON. Sea-front, opposite swimming pool. Upper maisonette (stairs) to let furnished, now till end July or so; 5 rooms and bath. Lots of good books. 6 gns. weekly, including garage, close. Particulars from R. G., 6 Arundel Terrace, Brighton.

TO Let, Furnished, s.c. flat, W.C. £2, 3 rooms, bath, kitchen. 'Phone Ter. 5046.

OLD Cottage, furnished, 2 *gns.* long let. 6 rooms and large studio. GUTHRIE, Bramber, Steyning, Sussex.

"SMALLS" RATES

3d. a word ★ for single insertions.

4d. for words in CAPS (except the first). Lines in Caps 1/9.

Series Discounts: 5% for 3 insertions; 10% for 13 insertions; 15% for 26 and 20% for 52.

Minimum Twelve Words.

Box Numbers—1/- extra. This charge includes forwarding replies.

Box Number replies should be addressed: "Box No. . . . c/o New Statesman and Nation, 10 Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.1."

All small advertisements must be prepaid and copy should arrive by TUESDAY.

Please write on ONE SIDE OF PAPER.

Holiday Suggestions — Special cheap rate on application.

★ ONE WORD. Place names, *e.g.*, St. Albans, Ashton-under-Lyne, Golders Green. 'Phone numbers, *e.g.*, HOL. 3216. 'Phone 2414. Groups of five letters or figures, *e.g.*, Y.M.C.A. or S.W.18, etc. TWO WORDS: Number and name of street, *e.g.*, 24 St. George's Street. 24 Broadway.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1.

HOUSES, FLATS, PROPERTY, etc.
For Sale, To Let and Wanted
continued

WANTED, Putney, Wimbledon, Kew district, flat, furnished or unfurnished, two rooms, bathroom, garage, service. Box 1755.

LARGE Unfurnished Studio, near Camden Square. All conveniences. 22s. Box 1751.

LOVELIEST part East Coast. Coastguard cottage, furnished, quiet, 3 bedrooms, sleep 6, to let last week Aug. and whole or part Sept. Further particulars, Box 1758.

DESK-SPACE in already established studio wanted by young woman free-lance artist. Padd. 2780.

HAMPSTEAD. 3½ rooms, furnished flat, free summer months, very quiet. 35s. p.w. Box 1750.

SLOANE Avenue Mansions, S.W.3. To let June, July, August, 45s. weekly including service, furnished flatlet for one. Restaurant, garage. 'Phone Letting Office (Ken. 7020) or write VERNER, Churchill, Worplesdon, Surrey.

THIS ENGLAND

Illustrated by LOW

"A Superb collection of lunacy"
80 pages. One Shilling

OVER 25,000 COPIES SOLD

At all shops and stalls

10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

L.C.C. LOAN—INDUSTRIAL RECESSION—HOME RAILS—THE FRANC

THE rise in the gilt-edged market was damped down this week by the issue of £10,000,000 3½ per cent. stock at 101½ by the London County Council. It was a big issue and long-dated (1967–73) and was not at all popular in the market, although the money is required for such desirable purposes as slum clearance, road improvements, hospitals and schools and the establishment of the green belt around London. The stock will probably open at a discount of 3–2 points. In the industrial markets speculative interest was aroused by the aircraft debate in the House on Thursday, and buyers of aircraft shares at the beginning of the week found the market short as usual. The best prices were not held. Oil shares were firm for sounder reasons—the advent of the dividend season. At the moment of writing I have not heard the Burmah Oil distribution, but if a moderate increase in the dividend is accompanied by a bonus share distribution I expect Anglo-Iranian and Shell to move sharply upward.

* * *

"Far from fearing a slump," said Lord Nuffield to the shareholders of Morris Motors on May 6th, "I consider that our national prosperity is readily capable of being increased." We may all agree with the pious sentiments of Lord Nuffield, but investors cannot shut their eyes to the signs which are multiplying of the current trade recession. The export trades were the first to feel the draught of the American slump and the fall in prices. Over the past twelve months the volume of exports has fallen by about 20 per cent., and the cotton and wool textile trades are working at about 50 per cent. of capacity. The tonnage of new shipping under construction has fallen by over 50 per cent. in the last nine months. Even the iron and steel industry, which is bolstered up by the rearmament boom, is beginning to feel the effects of a decline in "private enterprise" consumption. Steel output last month fell to 938,600 tons, compared with 1,115,800 tons in March, and pig-iron production fell to 661,000 tons against 714,600 tons. Even when allowance is made for the Easter stoppage, it is disappointing to find that the April steel output was lower than in any month since the middle of 1936. In plates for shipbuilding and sheets for the motor-car industry the steel companies have particularly felt the pinch. The cautious investor will find in these figures justification for exchanging even now from equity shares most exposed to cyclical trade fluctuations and reinvesting in low-geared shares of companies in stable industries whose dividends are well protected by an ample margin of earnings. As an example of this class I would cite the specialised stores like Woolworths and Marks and Spencer. It is interesting to find that Marks and Spencer showed an increase in profits last year of 11.8 per cent., in spite of the fact that the volume of retail trade as a whole turned downward after the second quarter of 1937.

	Present Price.	Last Earnings.	Last Div.	Dividend Yield %.
Woolworths 5/–	64/9	81.2%	60%	£4 12 9
Marks & Spencer 5/– ..	2 13/16x.d.	80%†	42½%	£3 12 3*

* And 10% capital bonus in "A" shares. † Approx.

* * *

The abrupt decline of fresh orders for goods which has been the feature of 1938, though it has not yet been fully reflected in manufacturing activity or employment, has already had serious reactions on railway traffics. In the 18 weeks' period January 1st–May 8th gross receipts of the four main line companies are down on last year's takings by £46,000, notwithstanding a gain of £344,000 in passenger revenue. Freight receipts are down by £390,000. Moreover, the deterioration in the railway position is being progressive. Passenger receipts are holding up well, but those from coal and general merchandise are slumping. Since the beginning of March, freight takings have lost £980,000 in comparison with a year ago. At this rate (allowing for the probability of a good passenger summer) the gross revenue for the year may easily be £2,000,000 lower than in 1937, notwithstanding the 5 per cent. increase in charges. Smaller traffics mean some economy in operating expenses; but wages are up by at least £1,500,000, and the average cost of fuel is probably higher than last year. Weighing these factors I do not like the outlook for the marginal stocks. Southern stands to lose least, as passenger traffic bulks largest in its accounts. G.W. Ordinary at 52 seems to me fully valued on the reasonable assumption that 3 per cent at best will be earned. L.M.S. Ordinary, at 18½, and L.N.E. 2nd Pref., at 18½, I consider dear. Unless there is an unexpectedly vigorous rearmament rally in the autumn, it is difficult to foresee earnings of more than ½ per cent. on the "Berwick" stock or any earnings at all for "Brum."

* * *

The Daladier franc has made a creditable début. Ministerial declarations that 179 would be a monetary Maginot Line might not be taken too seriously (is not every devaluation of a currency officially always the last?), but the extent of the depreciation on this occasion deliberately allowed was sufficient to persuade speculators that it would be a mistake to continue short of a now palpably under-valued currency, and that the moment had come for bears to take their profits. A rush to cover found the market, as was to be expected, bare of francs. The Control was the only seller, and in five days the French authorities gained well over £100 millions of foreign exchange, pegging the rate by franc sales at fractionally under 178. And so what? Will there be a wholesale reflux of the 85 milliards of expatriated French capital? I am inclined to think that the rentier whose funds are now housed in London and New York will wait first to see a little more of M. Daladier's hand. To lower the franc boldly to a level at which it would be more easily defensible was sound tactics; a *terrain de manoeuvre* is thereby secured. But the first batch of decrees still leaves an unfilled deficit even in the ordinary budget, apart from the vast expenditure on armaments which must be met by borrowing. Though revaluation of the gold stock might be resorted to as a book-keeping device to get the Treasury out of debt to the Bank on short-term account, equilibrium in France will not be restored, nor will capital be persuaded to return from abroad in adequate volume until M. Daladier has proved that he can secure greater national productivity and taxable capacity. To attain these objects he must produce a more comprehensive economic programme which the people of France approve and for whose realisation both the C.G.T. and the "two hundred families" are prepared jointly to work. Marxists, I fancy, will remain bearish with regard to the franc; and they may well be right.

A METHOD OF INVESTMENT SPREAD OVER THE SHARES OF THIRTY-ONE LEADING BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANIES. THE UNIT-HOLDER IS FREE FROM PERSONAL LIABILITY IN RESPECT OF UNCALLED CAPITAL.

TRUST of INSURANCE SHARES

TRUSTEES & BANKERS
WILLIAMS DEACON'S BANK LIMITED

MANAGERS
TRUST OF INSURANCE SHARES LIMITED

Insurance-Units may be bought or sold at any time, free of commission and stamp duty, through any Stockbroker or other financial adviser. The estimated initial yield at current prices and based on cash dividends is 3½%. Price, 11th May, 21s. 0d.

For full particulars apply for Trust of Insurance Shares Booklet to any Stockbroker or Bank, or to

TRUST OF INSURANCE SHARES LIMITED
Chairman: The Rt. Hon. C. A. McCurdy, K.C.

30 CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.3
Mansion House 5467

M.N. 2916

Company Meeting

ALLIANCE ASSURANCE CO., LTD.

THE Annual General Court of the Alliance Assurance Company, Limited, was held on May 11th, at the Head Office, Bartholomew Lane, E.C.

Mr. Lionel N. de Rothschild, O.B.E., the chairman, said that there had been a substantial increase in the new life business transacted during the year; the net total of £3,836,336 was nearly a quarter of a million in excess of the highest figure reached in any previous year. The premium income during the year had increased to £1,460,737 and the life and annuity funds now exceeded £22,000,000.

Their quinquennial investigation would be made at December 31st next and, although their mortality experience during the past year had been less favourable than in the previous year, the net rate of interest obtainable might fall and the market values of securities had been reduced, he was of opinion that the results of that investigation would be quite satisfactory.

Owing to restrictions on their operations imposed by Governments outside their own country, and to fluctuations in exchange, the income they derived from the foreign field tended to diminish, but activity in the home field had more than counterbalanced that loss and their income in both the fire and accident departments showed a substantial increase over 1936. The fire business had been even more profitable than usual and the surplus was the largest since 1928.

THIRD-PARTY AWARDS

In the accident department there had been a considerable expansion, especially in home business, and the increase in premium income exceeded £122,000.

The ratio of profit on the motor vehicle account in 1937 was only about 2 per cent. of the premium income. That was not unexpected, for, while the number of road accidents had not diminished and the cost of claims continued to rise, the rate of premium which the motorist had to pay had not been increased. Unless the number of road accidents in relation to the number of vehicles on the roads could be substantially reduced, the cost of insurance protection must rise.

The Marine premium income for the year was some £68,000 higher, due to trade activity at home and abroad, which had had a favourable influence on the income derived from insurances on cargo. The premiums on hull business had been favourably affected by the increase in the value of ships and the application of the new Joint Hull Understanding. The position with regard to cargo rates did not look so favourable; the tendency was still to reduce rates.

The profit and loss account contained a new item, National Defence Contribution, £40,000. They felt that the extension of the contribution to the interest on their reserves was an unfair discrimination between insurance companies and other trading concerns, and they were pressing that that injustice should be removed.

The report was unanimously adopted.

DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLKS' AID ASSOCIATION

NOT LONG TO LIVE. Schoolmistress, 48 years of age, daughter of a clergyman, suffering from an incurable disease. No means except temporary help from friends. PLEASE HELP us to care for her.

This is one of many pathetic cases for which funds are urgently needed.

The Secretary, Mrs. H. R. Bromley-Davenport, C.B.E., J.P.
74 BROOK GREEN, LONDON, W.6.

Trust Your Dentist

KOLYNOS is known throughout the world as a tooth paste which cleans and brightens teeth without harmful bleaching action or unnecessary abrasion. Of all Chemists and Stores. 1/9, 1/- and 6d. per tube.

he says —
KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM

Company Meeting

SPILLERS LIMITED

THE RT. HON. SIR MALCOLM A. ROBERTSON'S ADDRESS

THE Right Honourable Sir Malcolm A. Robertson, Chairman of Spillers Limited, presiding at the Annual General Meeting of the Company on Saturday at Cardiff, said that the reduction in the amount of investments was, for the most part, represented by an increase in cash balances. That was due to the fact that the Board had thought it wise to realise some of the Company's investments and to hold the proceeds in a more liquid form until the political situation should appear to be more stable. Investment had now been resumed. The trading profit for the year had fallen by some £45,000, which could be regarded as satisfactory in view of the difficult conditions of the industry during the year.

It was understood that the Government intended to amend the Wheat Act, 1932, chiefly in an endeavour to define flour in more precise terms.

DIFFICULT CONDITIONS

The year 1937 had been one of the most difficult ever experienced in the Grain Trade, owing to exceptionally violent price fluctuations and highly sensitive markets, due in large measure to the fact that there were no longer burdensome surpluses in the exporting countries and that supply and demand were more evenly balanced than they had been for some years. Particularly difficult conditions had also been experienced in the Maize market, while in the Barley market some most erratic marketing took place in July and August.

THE NEW PLANT AT NEWCASTLE

Wheat had now been taken into the silos at the Company's new mill at Newcastle, and it was hoped that a beginning in the production of flour would be made by the end of the month. In addition to flour, provision had been made there for the manufacture of Animal Foods and Dog Biscuits and the new mill, with its deep water, road and rail facilities, was the most up-to-date mill in the country. Other improvements included the further extension of the silo accommodation at London, which it was hoped would be completed in about 12 months' time, the remodelling of the Dog Biscuit Factory at Bermondsey, and the transfer of Vernon's business from the old premises to the Beaufort Road Mill, which had been entirely remodelled. In the opinion of the Board, the Company's mills and factories were second to none in the British Isles, and were capable of making products of the highest quality at the lowest possible cost.

The record figure had again been exceeded in Animal Foods deliveries despite difficult trading conditions during the year. The Company's Advisory Department continued to play a leading part in the Animal Foods Trade. A new high record had also been created in the deliveries of Dog Foods.

The saddest part of his task was to announce that Mr. Edgar Baker, Deputy Chairman, was due to retire in October under the age rule. His coming departure would be a very severe loss to all his colleagues on the Board.

The Report and Accounts were adopted.

The sign of
THE HOLIDAY THAT IS DIFFERENT!

CHA

The C.H.A., a non-profit making body, provides recreative holidays with Hosts and Hostesses at 41 delightful Holiday Guest Houses in Great Britain and on the Continent.

Charges in Great Britain:
42/- to **55/-** per week.

CONTINENTAL HOLIDAYS
16 days with 8 organised excursions, travel by normal express services, from **£12 2s. 6d.**

Illustrated Handbook will be sent on application to the Booking Department,

C. H. A.
ROOM A.B., BIRCH HEYS, FALLOWFIELD, MANCHESTER, 14